VOL. II

"One Look and You'll Agree That This Is Definitely"

NOT THE JEWISH PRESS

The Largest Circulation Of Any Anglo-Jewish Parody In The World

"Teach me O'Lord to laugh and enjoy a good Purim shpiel: Mesechte Purim

$1

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Week of Purim 1982

The combined circulation of *Not the Jewish Press* and Time Magazine is 8,938,000 copies

Adar 5742

SADAT ALIVE!

Exclusive to Not The Jewish Press

In an incredible development in the Middle East our sources have discovered that Anwar El Sadat is really alive and holding secret peace talks with Moshe Dayan in the Plains, Georgia home of former President Jimmy Carter.

In this exclusive photograph taken with a 500mm telephoto lense Sadat is seen greeting Carter and Dayan in a secluded section of the plantation, *smoking his* famous pipe.

Exclusive photo of Sadat, Dayan (with eyepatch) and Carter secretly discussing Middle East peace.

Amazingly enough, we were not surprised. Rumors about Sadat's fate have proliferated since the infamous attack on his party, while reviewing a military parade some months ago.

The first clues surfaced when, at the time of the shooting, his body was immediately covered with chairs and whisked away. He was never again seen in public except for a speedy funeral. Strange, wasn't it?

In Israel, under sharp criticism, Menachem Begin insisted on going to the "alleged funeral" and met in Sadat's house for over three hours, no quick shiva call by any account. Was he secretly discussing the future plans? Why did three American Presidents go to Egypt and send Nixon to Saudi Arabia? Was it to advise the Saudis of the plan? Did they agree to go along with this in exchange for getting AWACS? Why has Israel gone ahead with the Sinai withdrawal on schedule? Could it be they know something we don't? Just last month another strange event occurred. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, while undergoing heart surgery, was heard moaning "Anwar is Alive!!" Mere delirium?? Hardly. Finally, when it was sensed that we were closing in on the truth, our informant in the Egyptian Embassy was mysteriously sent out of Washington on an Air Florida flight and never surfaced again.

According to our sources the plan called for Moshe Dayan to wait a few weeks, then fake illness and death to join Sadat for these secret meetings to break the Mid East deadlock. Without pressure of time from their extremist countrymen the two would soon emerge in messianic glory and present the plan.

Meanwhile world reaction was incredible. In Iran the Ayatollah Khomeini sent out students on a mission to see if the Shah is really departed. In Spain, however, sources confirmed that Franco is still dead.

In Libya, Madman Moammar Khadafi admitted that he knew this all the time and sent out hit squads to America to finish off Sadat and not Reagan, as previously thought.

Meanwhile Egyptian, Israeli and American governments are dismissing the story as sheer nonsense but you can be sure that we will follow the developments very closely in the weeks to come.

PARODY NEWSPAPER SELLING LIKE HAMENTASHEN ON PURIM

Not The Jewish Press Volume II has received the most incredible response ever for a parody paper according to Chutzpah Enterprises spokesman Shmuel Shally. During the first days of sales the newspaper sold over 600,000 copies or one for each Jew that left Egypt. "We expect to go over the two million by Pesach," remarked associate editor M.T. Vial, explaining that every Jew in New York will soon be the proud owner of a *Not the Jewish Press*.

The totals from around the country and Israel have not yet come in. However, it has been reported that traffic jams in many cities with high Jewish populations have dramatically increased due to motorists reading the paper on the way to work and laughing hysterically.

The sensitive reaction from many of the yeshivas has been mixed, with students buying every copy in sight and Rabbanim officially not endorsing the paper. Many, however, have been hiding their copies under the Algemeiner Journal and smiling broadly while riding the subways. "Overall, the paper is being touted as the funniest paper written since the last *Not The Jewish Press* and if sales continue the way they're going, a forty-fifth printing will be needed," remarked Shally, who when last seen was still tooting his own horn.

Israel Appoints New Financial Minister

Lee Iacocca,, the famous "goyish kup" behind the recovery of the debt-ridden Chrysler Corporation, was today appointed the new Minister of Finance for the State of Israel.

Iacocca, who's had a long history of raising millions for his constituencies, seemed a bit nervous when he looked at the country's financial statement. "My gosh, I've seen deficits before, but given the situation and the fact that we can't layoff 30,000 workers, we will have to pull out all the stops tio get the ball rolling."

When asked how he intended to do this, Iacocca exclaimed, I'll have to appear in a series of commercials and run them day and night, selling Israel Bonds and Government surplus. We'll get the Chief Rabbinate to put a "K" on Israel cars, tanks and oranges. We can even give a rebate to foreign governments buying our weapons. 'Buy our Uzi—Get a check.' "

When told that Israel had no television commercials, Iaccoca turned red and abruptly conlcuded the press conference. He was last seen driving off towards Ben Gurion airport in an Ari "K."

Reform Pray for No Prayer

Kibbutz Achron L'Tzion—With increasing militancy, dozens of Israel's Reform Jews (all 24 of them) are holding prayer-demonstrations to protest the growing politiciation of religion in the Jewish State. The text of the recently composed prayer reads as follows:

"May the Diety of our forefathers, Humanism, Philanthropy and High Culture, utterly crush (without making a scene) those elements in Israel who foster religious intolerance, hinder Jewish pluralism, and don't shower nearly as often as they should. May fanatical stones or democratic ballots never be cast upon us to cast us out of the Zion we do dearly pay for. The prophets and kings of old constantly remind us that there were always Reform Jews in Israel. Why now, under the tyranny of a popularly elected government, should non-Orthodox Jews be relegated to a status somewhere between the Maronites and Ben-Ami Carter's zulus. If we in the Holy Land cannot separate Church and State, how can we ever ask the Pope to bless Bernstein's "Mass?" We conclude this prayer with the fervent hope that we never again have to resort to blackmail in meeting the ugly threat of politicized morality and moral politics. A-a-men."

The prayer was translated into Hebrew and transliterated into Hebrew characters to aid local journalists. The group, calling itself Israeli Friends of the A.C.L.U., is also challenging the constitutionality of Jewish prayers in government-sponsored schools.

"Buxer Rebellion" Rocks Jewish Schools

The most dramatic student outcry to hit our educational institutions in years erupted today in thirty major yeshivas and Hebrew day schools in all five boroughs.

The Buxer rebellion, so named for the Buxer (Carob or St. John's Bread) given out every year for Tu B'Shvat, has been brewing for years according to student leader Ben-Sorer.

"As long as most people can remember, Tu B'Shvat didn't only mean the New Year of the Trees but meant that we'd be given those long hard and unbearable buxer to eat. Last year I cracked a tooth on one, but 'Never Again!' " cried Ben-Sorer, raising his clenched fist.

The action apparently was unilateral and well organized with student leaders planning the revolt when they met last summer to discuss the "anti-starch in school lunch." According to one eye witness during the demonstration that took place on Thanksgiving at precisely 11:00 a.m. (when most of the buxer was given out) students in each class stuck their heads out of the windows and yelled, **"I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!"**

Passersby began to gather and stare at the screaming students. The Rebbe demanded that everyone sit down immediately and said, "Eat, eat, it's a mitzvah."

At that point the enraged talmudists began throwing the buxer out of the window and into the street, scattering crowds and denting parked cars.

The day's events came to an incredible finale when sympathizers, including dental students and school janitors, joined the students on a march that started at Torah Umesorrah and proceeded to the Board of Jewish Education and the Jewish National Fund.

According to Ben-Sorer, "The Buxer rebellion will continue until every carob is prohibited in Jewish Schools." When asked about the protest, Rabbi Yaakov Kavitesky of the Tu B'Shvat Fruit Committee said only, "Let them eat grapes!"

"IRA" EMBEZZLEMENT RIPS ISRAELI BANK

Israel's Bank Mama Leumi—the only bank that gives a free meal when you open an account—is under investigation after its president mounted an elaborate campaign urging deposits into an Ira account for early retirement.

So many people deposited so much so fast that the bank president, Ira, was indeed able to retire early and skip the country. He was last seen in Rio by the sea-o with fellow early retiree Karl Keogh.

New Religious Law Seen As Boon To Archeologists

In an unusual twist of events, archeologists have found that a new rabbinic law actually will help their projects continue in situations where they might otherwise be halted for religious reasons.

According to Jewish law, one may not dig at the site of a Jewish cemetery or where Jewish bones are buried. According to the new law called "Who Was A Jew," enacted by the Moetzes Gedolim HaGedolim, if someone's bones are found and he had been converted by either Saducees or Karaites (ancient versions of non-recognized Reform), the bones are not considered Jewish. Hence, digging could continue at such a site.

By enacting this law, the rabbis must "dig" into the heritage of the bones and determine their authenticity before halting excavations.

Professor Yigal Yad-in-Earth was ecstatic over the development and proclaimed a national holiday called Yom Ha-atzamot.

Meanwhile, Rabbi Avraham Blaustein, of the Neturei Karke, was overheard scolding members of the Moetzes Gedolim, remarking, "That's a fine mess you've gotten us into this time."

Begin Reveals New Plan to Give Back Moslem Holy Places

In a dramatic new development Israel's Prime Minister Menachim Begin today proposed a new peace plan that far exceeds the concessions that were proposed by even the Camp David accords.

According to the plan, called "Take Your Mosques, Please", Begin suggests that in exchange for all of the Arab nations recognizing Israel's right to exist, Israel will return every mosque in Jerusalem to any Arab country that wants it. "We'll keep our land and you'll get your holy places." If the plans are accepted the Mosque of Omar and Alaksa could be transported by a caravan of flatbed trucks as early as December.

Reaction to the plan was mixed, with Jordan's King Hussein insisting that Israel throw in three hotels, five houses and King George Street. PLO leader Yasir Arsofat went a step further. He wants Israel not only to give up these holy places and hotels but to put PLO offices in their place.

Opposition leader Shimon Perez flatly rejected the plan, saying that it's his job to reject Begin proposals. The plan is expected to go to a Knesset vote soon with all three hundred parties scheduled to vote.

Prime Minister Begin's A Wax Deal

Jerusalem, Dec. 20—Prime Minister Menachem Begin today announced that a wax deal of huge proportions was approved unanimously by the entire Knesset after heated debate. The wax, a unique blend of local oils and greases, can be used on floors as well as most kinds of furniture and promises to be a major source of hard currency in the months to come.

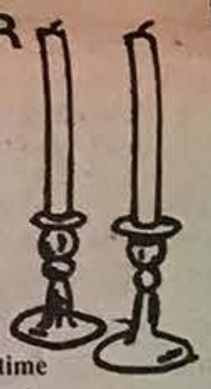
When questioned by reporters Begin said, "Why the sudden interest in a wax deal? We've been selling waxes like these for over a decade. It is the historical destiny of the Jewish people to sell a wax of this quality. And no other country has the right to determine our future."

Upon further investigation, the *Not the Jewish Press* found out that a wax deal had been in the works for many months, ever since it had been determined that a surface of vulnerability had been discovered in the Middle East. Because of the dry weather conditions that prevail most of the year, wood floors and table tops dry out and crack. A high-quality wax would nourish and restore the wood like new. This led ot the development of a wax deal that could prove to be one of the most significant Israeli moves of the decade.

Redgrave Speech Stifled

Get Ridiyah Saudi Arabia—Actress Vanessa Redgrave had planned to address the Moslem masses here today on the inalienable rights of the Palestinian people living under the harsh occupation of the Zionist entity. Those plans were thwarted, however, due to unforseen circumstances. The British star's voice would not carry beyond the heavy veils incumbent upon all females in the desert kingdom. In addition, Redgrave felt that her potential audience may have been intimidated by the fact that assembly and public speech were capital crimes.

WEEKLY LUACH CALENDAR



Week of Purim 1982
Adar 5742
New York 5:30 p.m. E.S.T.
Los Angeles 2:30 p.m. E.S.T.
Jerusalem 11:30 p.m. E.S.T.
Tokyo 7 a.m. E.S.T. (Saturday)
Sydney 9 a.m. E.S.T. (Saturday)

Note: The times noted indicate what time it is in various cities when Sabbath starts in New York. Before calling erev Sabbath, refer to Luach

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Torah & Existentialism

By DR. I.M. KIMMELMAN
(or maybe I'm not)

Dr. Kimmelman is one of the most unassuming Talmudists and Torah Philosophers in the world.

The Torah has a definite stand on existence and this no one can deny. But this is only true if I know existence exists. Who knows? I ponder my being but since the mind is an abstract, I can't relate to it so why bother trying? I think therefore I am. That's a rule of logic so it must be so. I think. But that's only assuming logic exists. Does that mean logic thinks, therefore it am?

Jews are trained to use our sechel to analyze issues and wouldn't it have been silly to teach that unless issues exist? Now the Torah wouldn't teach us needless teachings because it wouldn't do such a thing. I have just proved that issues exist. For example, this issue of "Not the Jewish Press" exists. But, alas, that only has meaning if the printer exists. Since my soul is one with the printer's soul so do I exist. But I needn't fear because depression may not exist! I should be happy. Takeh. Who says? If depression doesn't exist, happiness doesn't either, so what then? I'll have to be nothing. Maybe I'll kill myself. But if I'm nothing, what could I kill? Oy, my kup! But I must exist! Last time I took a plane I made a reservation and people who don't exist don't need a reservation. Thank G-d the Talmud has trained me to think with hard logic!

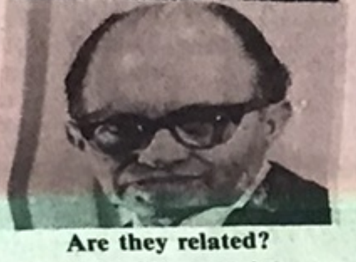
If a tree falls in a forest and there is no one there to hear it, does it make a sound? But, vanity of vanities, that may only prove that no one exists. So what am I writing this for you for? You really don't exist and this is certainly not important enough for me to spend my precious time writing. Maybe I'll try to go dance on the head of a pin.

To be continued (if (I decide) this column still exists)

Mendelevich Scandal Rocks Begin

Former Prisoner of Conscience Yosaf Mendelevich today shocked the Jewish world when he announced in Jerusalem that he is filing suit against Menachem Begin, who he claims is actually his real father. According to Mendelevich, Begin had visited Russia in 1950 along with Golda Meir representing the newly founded State of Israel. He further claims that Begin met up with his mother and the rest is history.

Mendelevich, speaking from his home, theorizes that at the time it was thought that Israel and the USSR would have a long term relationship and this was the premise that Begin used on his mother.



Are they related?

"I never knew who my father was until people started pointing out the striking resemblance I have with Prime Minister Begin. We even wear the same glasses!", he tearfully remarked. "I am finally here in the land of my father and I will seek justice!" he proclaimed. When asked about the shocking accusations Begin remarked, "I think all those years in jail went to his head. Even when I had hair I was better looking than he is."

Police Bust "Alleged" Jewish Drug Ring

In a mid morning raid, police invaded the offices of The Joint Distribution Committee, accused of being the center of a major drug ring.

The "Joint," as it is widely known, has been operating for years but became the target of an investigation only recently when police noticed immigrants acting strangely as they left the building. No drugs were discovered, but evidence of large shipments to various Jewish communities worldwide was found. "They even used the name "Joint Distribution" openly. I'm surprised it took us so many years to catch them," commented Sgt. Mark Tipish.

Spokesmen for the Committee acknowledge that the strange behavior of the immigrants was due to budget cuts and disappointment, but stated that apparently the only dope around came from the police.

Park Ave. Row Over Proposed Skyscraper Synagogue

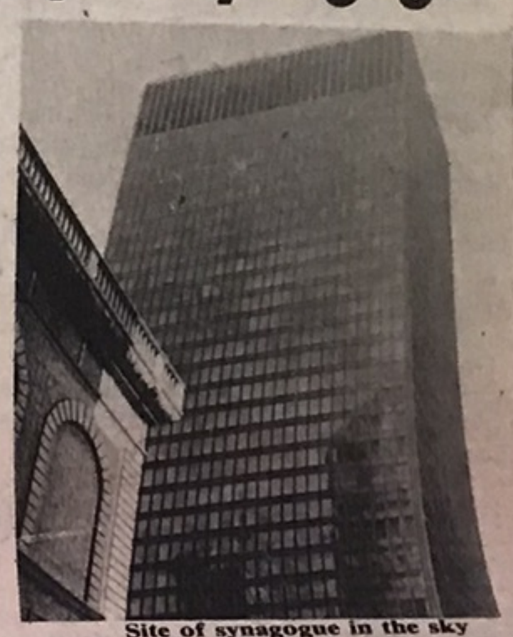
New York—Shock waves ran through the real estate world yesterday when the Bronfen family announced it was planning to sell the air rights over its renowned Seagram Building on Park Avenue to the Shlivovitzer Rebbe. Plans were to build a large, chassidic shul on this last valuable parcel on New York's famed Park Avenue, to serve the many Jews in the area.

"We need the income to help develop new kinds of liquor and the offer was too good to resist," said Bronfen, "and who needs the air anyway?" Bronfen further noted that, "My father was Jewish and he would have been happy to see me help a struggling shul find a place to hang its shtreimel."

The price to be paid is reputed to be $3 million a year with an escalation clause if a second minyan is added. When asked if such a steep price could be afforded by the hitherto little-known chassidic sect, the "Rebbe" replied, "If the All-Merciful wills it, we will find the money. If not, we'll go short on pork bellies and liquidate some Eurodollars. Not to worry."

Several Park Avenue neighbors were up in arms at the prospect of a shul joining the ranks of corporate headquarters, banks and hotels that line the famous avenue. "I'm not prejudiced, mind you, we do have St. Barts, after all," stated one passerby." But will *they* feel comfortable?" was a question posed by an unnamed bank president.

"Comfortable? After life in Siberia, what's not to be comfortable?" mused the Rebbe. "First of all, we get our big crowd on Shabbos, when most of these places are closed. Second of all, our early minyan during the week is over before any of these k'nockers is even turning over. Third of all, does anybody say boo to St. Patrick's on fancy Fifth Avenue?"



Site of synagogue in the sky

The controversy will surely heat up when the city planning commission meets to consider the zoning variance that will be needed to accomodate the shul's unusual design. Daringly conceived to look like a three-story house in Boro Park, the new building will soar to five stories with a set-back to hold a sukkah.

With the hearing only a week away, the Rebbe, as confident as ever, was overheard saying, "When we win, everyone will drink a l'chaim."

FLASHLIGHT ON EDUCATION

by Ben Feinberg

In what might prove to be a landmark case, a superior court last week found two Stern College professors guilty of culinary harassment and sentenced them to a six-month sabbatical.

The case came to light when two students were caught trying to cook after hours, and when confronted, tearfully admitted that they were being forced to supply culinary favors to teachers in exchange for marks. Further investigation by a specially-convened faculty committee revealed more sordid details.

"It all started innocently" stated Hannah Lumpen, a sophomore from Toronto. "At first it was a small noodle pudding suggested as a good way to pass an exam. Then it was chopped liver and chicken soup for high marks on my term paper. Then it got out of control. He was insatiable. For a passing grade for the term he wanted a seven-course meal! Including a baked apple for dessert and tea with sponge cake! The shame was too much, and when I found out that other professors were demanding culinary favors for grades then I had to come forward. And damn the consequences."

Once the story was out, others came forward. A new self-help group sprang up. "Ladies Against Terrible Kitchen Enslavement" or LATKE, became the focus of the revolt. And professors all over the country will think twice before demanding culinary favors in exchange for grades.

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Jewry At Every Crossroad

by Prof. Howard U. Likeit
Professor of International relations and diplomatic affairs

There is a new and serious threat to Israeli security. This rocks the very foundations of the rocks that are Israel's foundation. I am not speaking this time of multiplying Arabs, but of creeping Japanese. They have already infiltrated Israel's borders.

I was tipped off to this menace by a busboy at the Shalom Japan restaurant while I was saying a bracha over miso soup. The first wave of invaders included a Japanese couple who converted to Judaism after the Lubavitsch Mitzvah Mobile barnstormed Tokyo. They emmigrated and settled down on a kibbutz in the Negev in 1978.

This couple, Shoji and Fumiko Epstein (yes, they changed their name to disguise themselves) have also been encouraging friends and relatives to visit and even settle in Israel. They keep stressing how much they like the privacy of the desert after overcrowded Tokyo, but don't believe it. *It is obviously the first wave of a full scale invasion.*

This is how to recognize the Japanese in Israel:

—Their language has no letter *l* and they have trouble with the letter *f*. So when they ask for a "falafel," they pronounce it "fehrafeh." You will notice that people burst out laughing when the invaders order this dish.

—When they eat lox or gefilte fish they serve it nicely arranged with seaweed.

—Unused to dairy foods, they refuse leben and yogurt. They prefer tofu. Have you noticed the kibbutznik next to you pouring on the soy sauce and eating with chopsticks?

—They make the desert bloom and then make artful flower arrangements.

—They travel in groups and take pictures everywhere with the newest cameras. They are obviously spying on Israeli military installations.

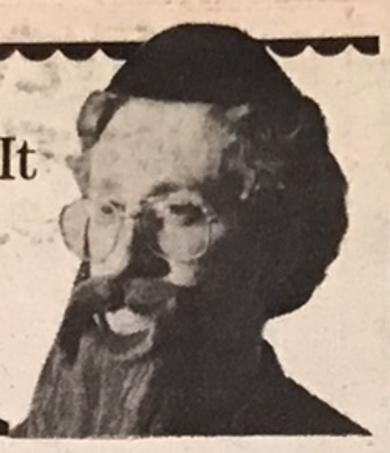
—They are extremely polite, bowing and smiling all the time. This marks them immediately in a land known for brusque manners. Being a sabra means never having to say you're sorry.

And they are multiplying faster than Arabs! After all, while Arabs use their fingers, they use an abacus! *It's time to beat our pruning hooks back into spears and our plowshares back into Davidkas!* Let's send these dangerous infiltrators out of the Land of Milk and Honey to Galut where they belong and we don't.

Next week I will discuss the threat posed by the Eskimo, who wanted to get away from it all at the North Pole and now operates a yarmulke factory in Ashkelon. P.S. This yarmulke business is just a cover.

As Only I See It

By PEAS PORUSH HOT
Another Gooda Guy in Israel's Parliament



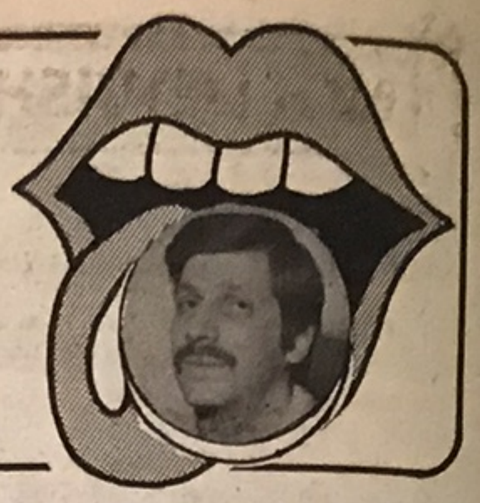
Happy are they who dwell with Agouda, and happy the columnist lauding its praises. Happy are the dues payers to Agoudath Israel, happier still those who receive them. And all Israel saw the great achievements at the 6th Knessia Gedoilah; and the people believed in Agoudath Israel and in Moshe Sonny Sher its Chair. And the multitude stepped forward to cast votes, and those without sin cast the first votes. And they chose heads of tens and heads of hundreds. And Rav Yudel Leib Bromine was named head of the World Vaad Mapoloh, representing a few thousand of the only black Stetsons glistening in the Middle Eastern sun. And the people cast votes for AK's in the Knesset, and yours truly had the most favors to dish out. And four of us AK's routed four hundred secular Knesseteers, and 400 Agoudanics turned aside 4,000 Bnei Akivanics. But not because we are great in numbers were we chosen by the KBH (the Kingly Black Hat). Nay, we are yet the smallest of parties. But because we are great in influence peddling, and swift as eagles and strong as lions to fight women soldiers, sports stadia, and for the exclusive kashruth rights to our famous Gouda cheese.

Rejoice with Agouda and be glad with her, all ye who mourn her shabbiness. For thus saith our host of lords: Behold, we will extend our influence like a river, and the wealth of the Jewish Agency will be sucked thereof into our institutions. For as now we are smaller than the B'nai Zion chapter in Philly, one day all cities and nations shall mail us our due. And we will work signs and press releases unto the media, greater even than the Satmar spreads in the *Times*. And we'll have members in West Rodgers Park and Coolidge Corner, and on The Island, afar off, that has not heard our name. And with a new heaven and earth, Agouda will become the majority party in Eretz Yisroel. Or at least the only bloc with its hands upon the thighs of Likud. And it shall come to pass, that from one New Moon to another, and from one Shabbos to another, every reform on our platform will become law, with every law on our platform against Reform.

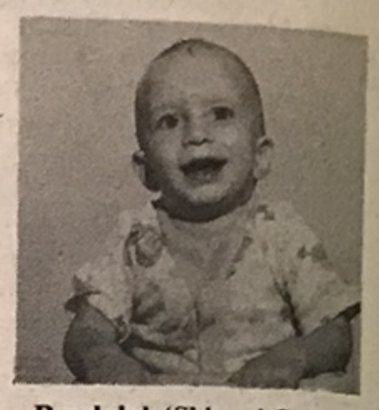
Next Week: More of the same

The Raving Jewish Mouth

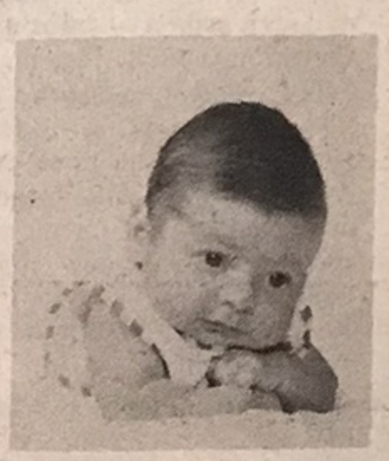
By Zev Gebrent
(Dentist)



Question: What is your most vivid memory of your bris?
Where Asked: At the local playground



Moshe Schneider
Williamsburg
"It was a gevaldic experience. After sensing some holy pain, I felt the spiritual bond between me and Avraham Avinu."



Randolph 'Skippy' Cohen
Upper East Side
"I particularly enjoyed the wine. It was a Red Calamber; I believe Carmel 1977. It had a full bodied bouquet that did not stifle the palate. However, the noxious silver aftertaste should have been eliminated."

Leonard Cater
Great Neck
"The food. My parents spared no expense for me, their beloved son. However, I found the skinless franks in poor taste."

Shaun Ferguson
Reform Jew—Midtown
"Was that barbaric ritual really necessary? Couldn't these ancient biblical manhood rites be more aesthetic? When I have a son he'll have the party, but I'll let him decide if he wants the bris."

Murray Lansky
Brownsville
"By me, that was no joy ride. I didn't know what to do. Everywhere I looked people were cheering on this maniac who was coming at me with a knife. I wanted to give him money but I didn't have any."

Batia Papernick
Boro Park
"Don't you know that according to our sages of blessed memory, women, no matter how envious, are not required to have a bris?"

UNDERVIEW

by Shifty Hochberg

As you know, while sitting here in the land of milk and potatoes I have been advocating Aliyah for years and B"H many of my readers have taken the lead.

Here is a heartwarming letter I received from one of my avid readers Avi Bozo, who shares with us his wonderful experiences.

Israel on Four Legs

My friends warned me it would be RUFF—I Know they were right and that I couldn't expect to duplicate the easy life I was living in New York . . . and yet I knew my obligations. I packed my BOWLS and BONES, lifted my leg one last time in my favorite SPOT, and was off to the airport. I ordered the ALPO GLATT meal, reserved a seat in the TAIL section, and began my 14 hour journey to the land of my Four (legged) Fathers. The time passed quickly and before I knew it we were landing at Ben-Gurion Airport. I must admit I was a bit nervous disem-BARKING, but I was soon heartened to hear the crowds screaming CANINE—A—HURRAH! I must admit I never expected such a reception. The Israeli representative of AACI (Association of American Canines in Israel) met me at the passport control with a little BOW. WOW, was I impressed! He saw me through all the difficult and confusing procedures at the airport and made sure I was put in a cab to my first stop-an ABSORPTION KENNEL in Ramat Aviv. There I met Olim Chadashim from all around this Dogeat'dog world. I became particularly friendly with Boris, a Siberian Husky, recently arrived from the USSR.

We took long walks and talked of differing conditions in Russia and the U.S. He spoke of Siberia and I saw the fear in his eyes as he remembered the dreaded knock on his dog house door when the KGB came "for a little chat" (as he put it) after he made out his Visa application for Israel. But, EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY and after years of waiting, Boris got his Visa and was allowed to leave the USSR. Attempts were made to convince Boris to come to the U.S.A. instead of Israel. I was shocked to hear that they went so far as to offer him an initial year's supply of Milk-Bones! Boris quickly let them know that they were BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE. Boris shone in our Ulpan classes, quickly mastering phrases like "Aifoh Ha'etz Hachi Karov?" (Where is the closest tree?)

We were wary of meeting the native Israeli dogs after hearing stories of their rude behavior, but we were soon to learn that their BARK WAS WORSE THAN THEIR BITE and we made some fast friends!

The time in the Absorption Kennel passed quickly and it soon came time for us to leave and go our separate ways. They say YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS, but Boris proved that proverb false by undergoing a "HA'SAVAT MIKZOAH" (Change of profession)—giving up a career as a FIRE HYDRANT INSPECTOR to lead a DOG—SLED TEAM in the snow-covered North at the Chermon Ski Slopes.

I moved southward where I am finally realizing the dream of every Sheepdog, to herd my own flock of sheep. We walk each day past the "Pardesim" (Orange Groves) and I stop to admire the abundance of trees (G-d bless the Jewish National Fund) and think how sweet life is.

My advice to other New York dogs thinking twice about taking that step and making Aliyah . . . IT'S A DOG'S LIFE here in the Holy Land! "AH 'HUNT' IS SUFFICIENT" or as we say in Hebrew, "DAI L'CALBAH B'RNEEZAH."

"One Look and You'll Agree That This Is Definitely"

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An Open Letter to President Reagan, Our Ex-columnist

Not the JEWISH PRESS is proud of its major role in dumping the putz from Plains and replacing him with one of our own. We carried your column for years, giving you the national and international attention you so badly needed to become a candidate for high office.

Moreover, we supported your campaign for the presidency, even getting Noach Deer to pose for a photo shaking your hand. We, of course, believed all the pro-Israel shmaltz you'd been feeding us, and sure enough, came November, we landed you in the biggest office that a goy can hold in this country. Let's face it Ron, you owe us one.

How then, could you do this to us. First it was AWACS and then it was cutting off funds to my kid's yeshivah. How could you turn against us like that? You knew little Yudie was just entering seventh grade.

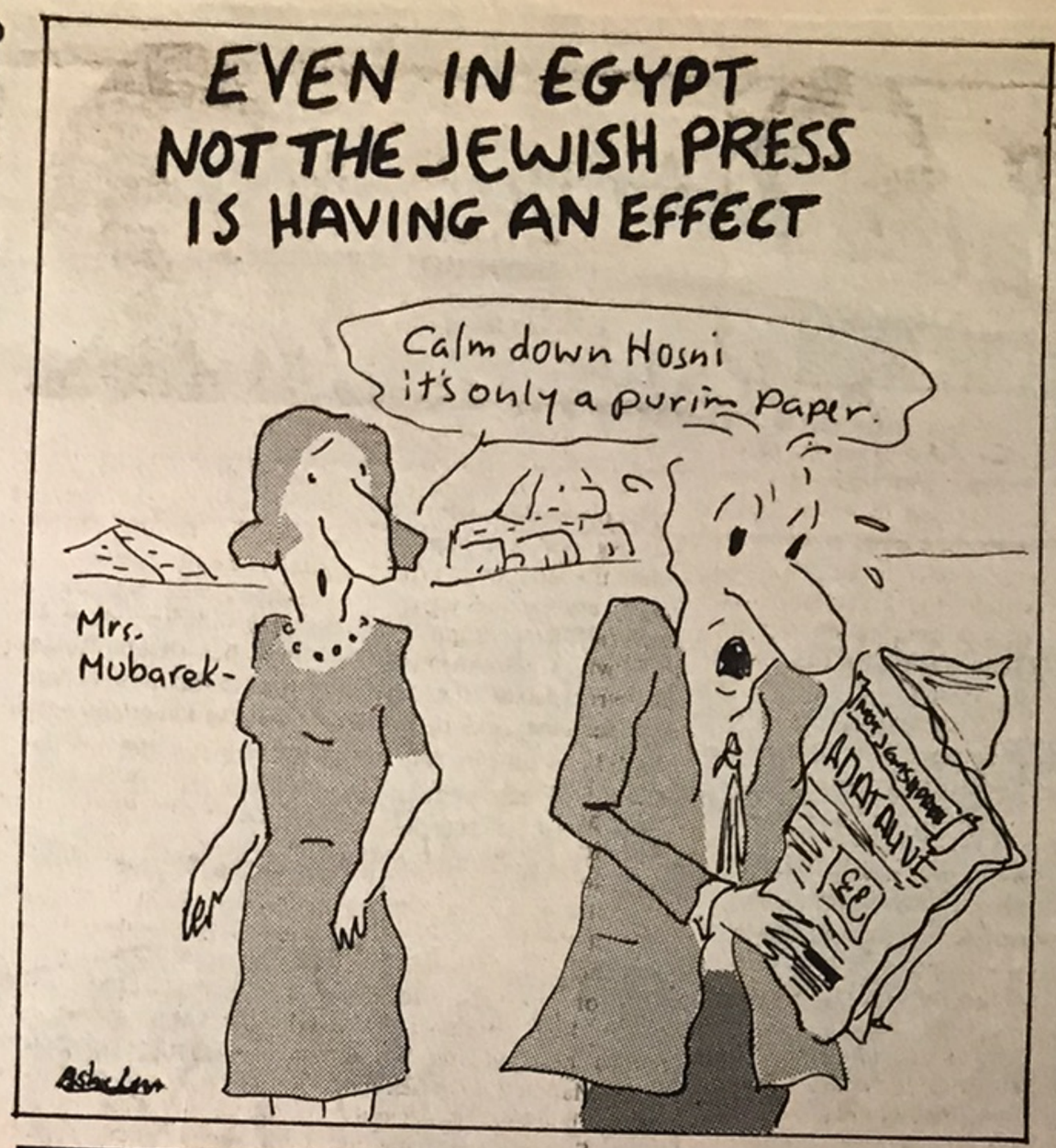
As you bounce on your Palomino this weekend, let your mind be jolted into reality. Think for a moment where you'd be without us. You'd be swatting med flies at the Santa Barbara Home for Retired Actors. We are ready to take you back into the good graces of the Jewish community and into the powerful arms of this paper. Perhaps we could even squeeze you in between Zev's "Raving Jewish Mouth" and "Louis' Civil Service Column." Not on the Prime Minister's page, you understand. We don't want our readers having to choose between Reagan and Begin.

Think about it, Ron. It's your career we're talking about. What we made we can break.

Change Isaiah Wall Inscription

We applaud those who advocate the completion of the Westway project, a roadway that would speed traffic and increase commerce through the predominantly Jewish West Side. To lobby further for its completion, and to promote this change, we agree with Mayor Koch that the inscription on the Isaiah wall should be changed.

We have found in Isaiah the verse that should replace the old and outdated "sword to plowshare" maxim. We quote from Isaih 49:11, 12 and 13 "and my highways shall be raised on high, behold they shall come from far . . . and, lo, these from the north and from the west . . . sing, o' heavens, and be joyful o' earth."



Letters to the Editor...

(Note: Letters to the Editor are nice, but let's face it, we're not about to publish anything unless it's hysterically funny and then we'd have to figure out in what publication to print it. We would however like to hear how many hours of laughter you've gotten from this paper.)

Dear Editors:

We at the Jewish Week are just plain angry, insulted and hurt. I mean this is your second Purim Parody and you're spoofing the Jewish Press for the second time while we're being totally ignored. I mean we've waited patiently every Purim. What do we have to do, write larger advice columns?? Cater to the Yentas?? Print more United Jewish Appeal awards?? Stoop to what people think is interesting?? We've got a large enough circulation of card toting UJA members and its about time we got our full recognition.

Phillip Hockstein
Editor

Letter to the Editor

Voos far a chutzpah! Around the whole voild people speaks Yiddish and make Purim Shpiels. Now would it be such a big gedilah for you to write Not the Algemeiner? "Vhy don't you hit de "Forvert" and call it "Backvard". Yiddish is alive and vell all over de place and don't you forget it.

Gershon Jacobsen
Editor

Dear Suh,

Y'all never fool us fo a second wit yo "Messiah Arrives" rap in de las' issue. We all knows dat da Messiah been coolin' out, shootin hoops in Di-Mona since he come out from Chi Town some years back. An' when he do come triumfint to Jerooslum, he gon' be ridin' on a white honky.

Sheeba Bat-Ami Carter
Dimona, Israel

Dear Editor,

I know that the Press is getting very modern lately, even granting legitimacy to a place like Yeshiva University—which is also bankrupt of yiddishkeit. But what is all this sudden attention to, and sanction for our Jewish "singles"? Why all of a sudden are these miserable unmarriagables the object of glamor and excitement rather than the object of pity and nagging? Must the process of getting a Shiduch be some 10 year process of going to shows, eating out, and other sexual compromises? Why is it that nobody from Lubavitch or other pockets of real Judaism have to consult Vogue magazine or Bill Blass to see what is expected of a good shiduch? As long as they're not from baalei tshuvah and have no relations hidden away in an institution—what more does one need? Put a black hat or tichel over their face, and they all look alike.

Rebbetzin Sheva Brachas
Marriage Counselor

Dear Sir,

I was distressed by your recent article, "The Mamzer Makers," about women who don't get proper divorces and then remarry. I think I've got the solution. Those frei meidlach who make bastards are only getting Jewish weddings in the first place because of the big shibang the family throws for them. They would be more inclined to get a Jewish divorce as well if we also threw in a catering hall, four piece band, half-roasted capon, and fancy invitations. (for more information call the caterer's office at 555-2323)

Jack Tewel
Jewel Caterers
Southfield, Michigan

(Continued on Page 9)

QUESTIONABLE ANSWERS

by RABBI NOAH CLASS

Readers are required to submit. The purpose of this column is *not* to decide issues but to skirt them deftly. Find a competent Orthodox rabbi for actual decisions.

Q. Why do Chassidim drive as if they're late for an accident?"

Nosey in Forest Hills

A. Many years ago, in the Chassidic countries of Europe, the Jews made their living as peddlers. They would roam from village to village in horse-drawn carts selling their wares.

The Goyim decided to deprive them of this, their only means of earning a living, and have them starve to death. A decree was issued forbidding all Jews to stop or even slow down their wagons on public roads.

The manner of traveling that ensued is still practiced today by those who respect its tradition.

Q. What is the origin of the Shabbos Key?

Perplexed in Eastside

A. The Jews of Europe were mostly merchants, many of them wealthy. Jealous non-Jews decided to find a pretext to stop the Jews from operating their shops and businesses.

In 1604 C.E., a papal bull was issued forbidding Jews to carry keys in their pockets or their hands. However, the clever shopowners managed to get around this law by fashioning keys that clipped on their garments.

This tradition persists even today.

Q. Why are Hungarians so crazy about chandeliers?

A. Many years ago the Goyim of Hungary decided to stop the Jews from learning Torah. Since they didn't want to admit they were against, G-d forbid, freedom of religion, they issued an unusual decree.

They forbade Jews to have candles on their tables, bureaus, mantelpieces, or even walls. This did not, however, prevent the scholars of Hungary from pursuing their study of Torah. They devised the first chandeliers, and were able to study all night.

Today, the warm glow of chandeliers is still seen in every Torah true home.

Q. Is shaving the face with a lawn mower allowed? Powder burns so.

A. The Meheram Schick Mi Razor says no. And Gehenom burns much more. Laugh that one off.

ERRATICA

As usual, every filth word was a typo by our previous typesitter who is now running a home for buttered women.

Tales from our Sages....

by Rabbi Noah Class

by Feelman

The Tzadik of Rubik

This is the remarkable story told about Rabbi Eli Fantasi of Rubik, a small shtetle deep in the bowels of Marmarosh.

Rav Fantasi was known for his keen and analytical mind that could solve any riddle or puzzle with ease. He could even do the crossword puzzle of the *Marmarosh Sunday Times* in 20 minutes flat.

One morning while he was sitting at the local cafe finishing his bagel and coffee and looking over the paper, he was approached by the elders of Rubik. "Good morning, Elders. Would you like to join me in a cup of coffee or a ruggelach maybe?" No, thank you. We are not here to make small talk," answered the eldest elder, as he was teetering on his cane. "So to what do I owe the honor of your presence?" asked Rav Eli. "Let me guess. You need something of me?"

"So what did I tell you? He's the man for the job. already he's seeking answers," came a voice from the youngest elder, a man in his teens with a face of a 70-year-old man. Swiftly the eldest elder shoved the end of his cane into the ribs of the youngest elder, "Shut up and let me finish. Don't interrupt with your *silly comments. You mechutzah you!" (disrespectful youth!) The elder continued, "Reb Eli, we have a* serious problem. To put it bluntly, the town is broke.

We ain't got a red kopek in the till. And worse—the Tax collector is due and if we don't cough up, Rubik will have a non-scheduled Pogrom."

"So why do you come to me? I don't even have enough money to restring my tzitzis. How can I help?" Rav Fantasi asked.

"We come to you because you are the master of riddles and puzzles and if you would please look on page 6 of the Financial Section of your paper you will spot an advertisement for a contest with a prize of 50,000 pieces of silver. We were hoping you would enter the contest and win the prize money for the people of Rubik."

Rabbi Fantasi looked at the ad and read it to himself. "The Grand Vizier of Persia offers 50,000 pieces of silver to anyone who can make his elephant stand suspended in midair."(After all, an elephant can stand on two legs, even on one leg, but no one has made an elephant stay suspended in midair.) "Entrance fee 100 pieces of silver."

Rav Eli spoke to the Elders, "Gentlemen, all is fine

and good but there are two major problems. First, where am I going to get 100 pieces of silver for the entrance fee? Or the fare for pasage to Persia for that matter. And second, how am I going to make an elephant float?" Again from the back the youngest elder interrupted, "Two scoops of ice cream, seltzer and an elephant!" Again the eldest elder gave him a zetz with his cane and responded, "The 100 pieces of silver and passage we've got. The elephant, that's your problem. If we knew would we be standing here haandling with with you. So it's settled. You leave tomorrow for Persia. Good luck, have Mazel and Hatzlacha and may G-d speed".

Rav Eli was left speechless. How was he going to make an elephant stand in midair, "blow hot air in his trunk?" And if he failed what would happen to the residents of Rubik? The rest of his day was spent praying for help from above.

The journey was a long one. First by donkey and then a ship that would take him to Persia. Three weeks later he was in Persia. He asked for directions and soon he was face to face with the Grand Vizier himself. Meekly Rav Eli asked the Vizier, "Is it true that you'll pay 50,000 pieces of silver to anyone who makes your elephant get off all four legs?" "That is so," the Vizier answered. "But you've got to pay 100 pieces of silver to try."

Little Rav Eli reached into his breastpocket and pulled out a small sack and handed it to the Vizier. "Here you are—100 pieces of silver." He then stepped back and reached into his valise and took out a large wooden club. He walked behind the elephant and swung with all his might, WHACK!! The elephant let out a great roar and flew into the air.

After Rav Eli had collected his 50,000 pieces of silver he had an idea. So he approached the Vizier. "Your Royalness and Eminence, is it not true an elephant can move its head up and down, but no one has ever seen an elephant move its head from side to side?" The Vizier thought for a moment and responded, "That is true, so what!" Rav Eli continued, "How would you like to try for double or nothing?" The Vizier was now intrigued. "If I could make your elephant move his head from side to side you pay me a total of 100,000 pieces. If I fail I wind up with nothing."

"Very well Reb Eli, but this time there is one condition. You may not use your wooden club."

"Certainly", responded Rav Fantasi, "shall we say tomorrow at noon?" "Agreed," said the Vizier.

So at noon the next day in the courtyard of the Palace the people gathered to see if Rav Eli could make the elephant move its head from side to side.

Rav Fantasi approached the elephant. "Do you remember me?" he asked.

The elephant nodded by shaking his head up and down. "Do you want me to hit you with the club again?" The elephant quickly shook its head . . . NO!

And so Rav Fantasi took his 100,000 pieces of silver and caught the first boat back to Marmarosh where he hopped on his donkey and rode back to Rubik. The entire town came to meet him and gave him a hero's welcome. Proudly, Eli handed the elders 50,000 pieces of silver and the town was saved.

Rav Eli then moved to Satmar, retired on his 50,000 pieces of silver and, at last look, had developed a multi-colored cube named after the shtetl of his birth.

Problems In Emotional Humans

by Dr. Moreless Mundane

Dear Dr. Mundane:

I am a mild-mannered girl and have a bad case of acne. I am 28 years old. When I was 14 my father, who beat me every night and put on tefillin only on Tisha B'Av at mincha, ran away from home. My mother, who never owned a mink coat, went out to get a job and couldn't even find one on 47th Street! She has to work on 57th Street, with goyim!

My brother, who is three years younger than I am, started smoking marijuana at age 13 (at his Bar-Mitzvah party) and has been high ever since. He is a "roadie" on tour now with the punk rock group Devo.

Last year, our pet cat died in a tragic car accident, my Mom lost her job and my dad surprisingly reappeared just one night so he could beat me.

Next week I am going out with a nice boy from a good family. It will be my first date since the Yom Kippur War ended. *Should I wear the blue skirt with the red sweater or the green jumper with the frilly blouse?*

Signed,
What a Rotten Break

Dear Rotten:

The green jumper.

Dear Dr. Mundane:

It is often quite depressing to read about all the sad people who write to you about their terribly tragic lives. I thought I would like to brighten up their lives with my happy story.

My parents came to this country as refugees from Europe. My father struggled very hard to make a living and provide for his young wife (my mother). My brother and two sisters were all born in America and we lived happily on the Lower East Side until I (the oldest) was 17 years old. Our 2 bedroom apartment was always full of learning, joy and yiddishkeit. We never felt deprived of anything. We had good yeshivah educations, good health and wonderful, loving parents and that's all that mattered.

When I was seventeen we moved uptown to the West Side and we had a social reawakening of sorts. But we were mature enough to handle it well. Eventually we all married. I married a doctor, my sisters married a lawyer and engineer and my brother became a C.P.A. Thank G-d, we are doing very well and last year we bought Mom and Dad two condos in Florida, one for them to live in and one for myself and siblings to stay in when we visit. We each take turns going down for two weeks every winter.

We all own homes in the Five Towns (Nassau County) and send our children to good yeshivas. You might say we don't have a problem in the world!

Signed,
A Thankful Reader

Dear Thankful:

Don't be so quick to say you don't have any problems! If you didn't have a problem, why would you write to me in the first place?

I see, as a matter of fact, many terrible problems in your letter. Life is not so rosy! Look on the dark side of things. Do you know if your property taxes are going up? And how high? And what if a shvartza moves into the area, how much do you think your $175,000 home will be worth then? $75,000? $35,000??

Your children, how do you know they're not on drugs? Do they wear designer jeans? Do they own camaros? Do they watch television? Then they're on drugs!

And your dear wonderful parents for whom you provided so well, is their condo sinking in the beach sand? Is the maintenance company going bankrupt? Are the shuffle board sticks properly designed or are they going to fall apart and cause your father to trip and break his hip? What if your mother took ill in the summer while your father was sleeping? By the time one of you children flew down to Miami, Mama would be dead! And boy would you and your sisters fight over the jewelry!

So you see, life is not all that great or that happy. You have plenty of problems you never even thought of and please, don't bother my readers with such nonsense about joy and happiness. All they want to read about is misery and suffering.

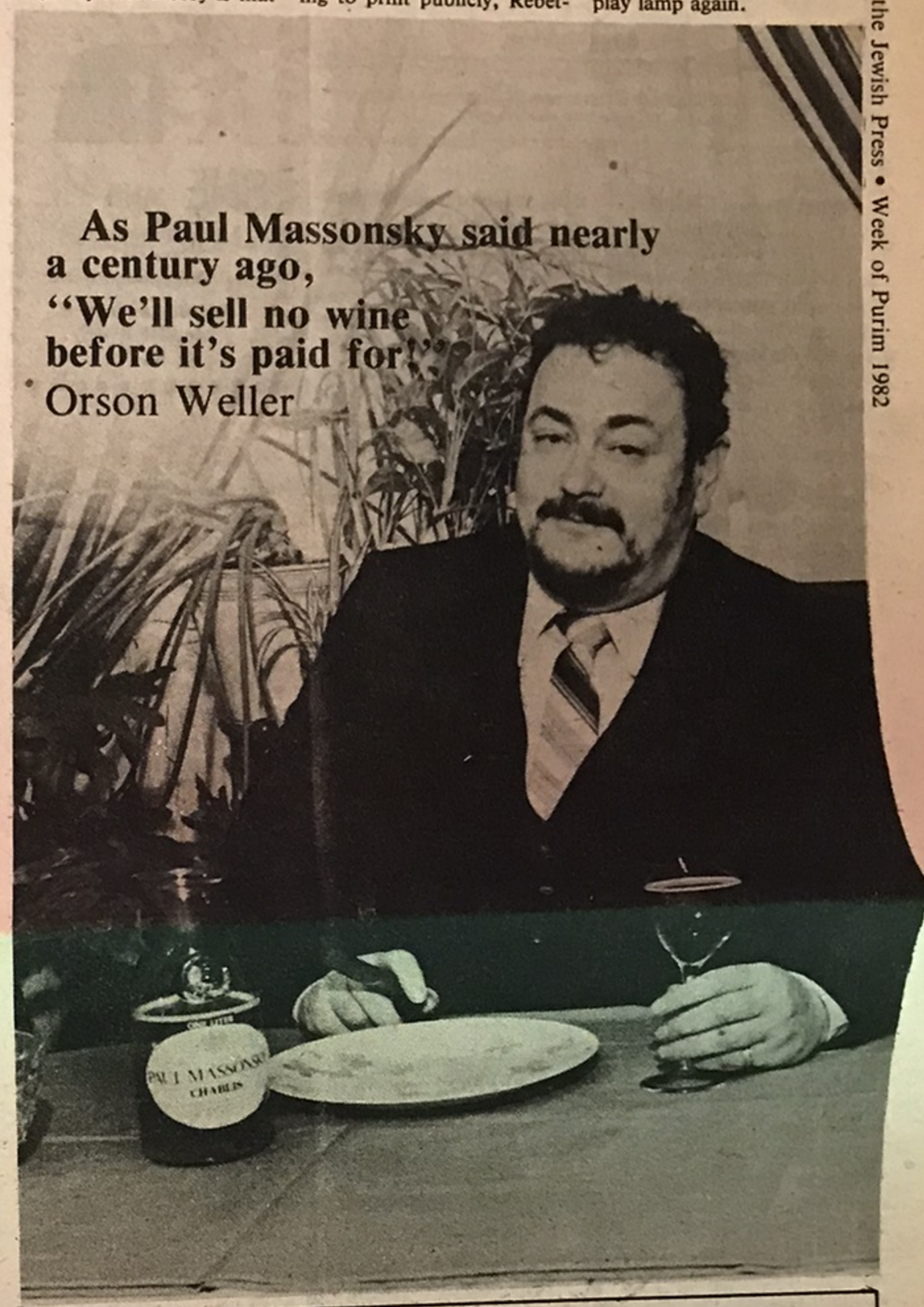
Dear Dr. Mundane:

My three year old son is constantly sitting on our night table with a lampshade on his head. We are worried about our privacy and his development. We've tried everything from paying for a rolled-up paper to be stuck in the Western Wall to whacking him on the side of the head with a rolled up NJP. He'll squat like this for hours on end. Now I ask you, is that normal or what?

RJ In The Dark

Dear Rebetzin Jacobs:

(I hope you don't mind my using your name, but you're the only mother of a kid who putzes all day with a lampshade.) I have two theories. Neither of them may do any good, but you ought to send the little miscreant to my office for psycho therapy since you only live three blocks away. My first theory is that you were staring at a man with a lampshade on his head (perhaps at one of those Amino Women parties you host) while you were carrying or conceiving the child. Very similar phenomena are recorded in the Talmud. My second theory is too disturbing to print publicly, Rebetzin Jacobs. Also, what are the countries of origin of your lamp table and accessories? If all else fails, some electric shock therapy should do the trick. Wet little Shloimy's index finger and plug it into a wall socket. That little golom will never play lamp again.



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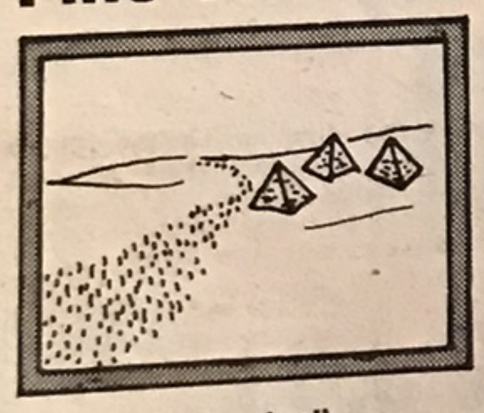

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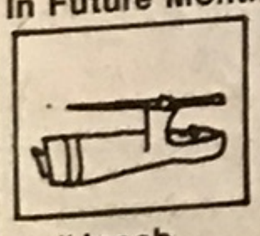

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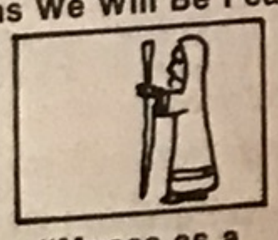

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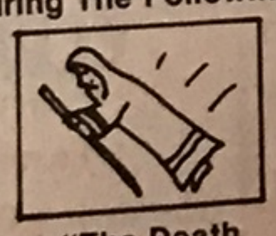

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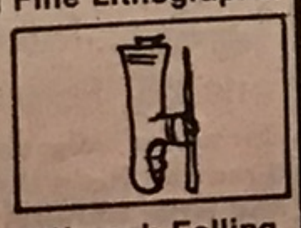

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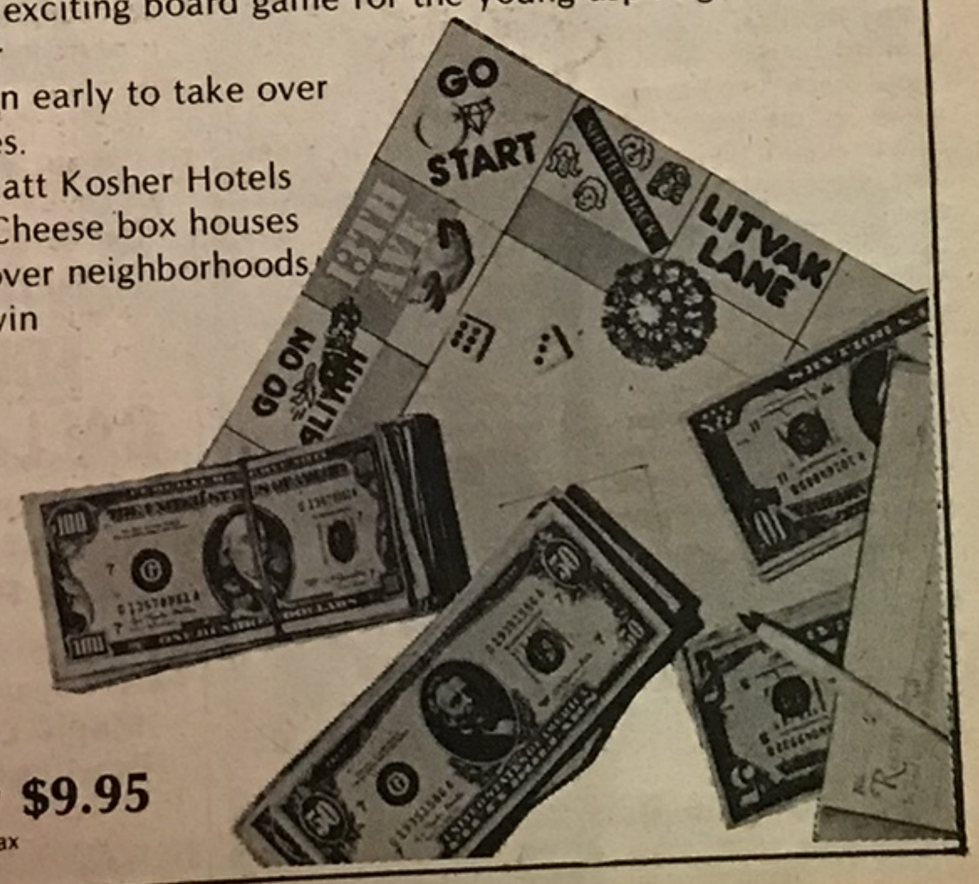

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To Singles With Luck

by Edna Farvoos

We welcome your advice on how to counsel hard-luck singles. Send your bright ideas to 'To Singles With Luck' c/o NJP

What Women Look For In Their Men

Recently we have received many letters from our readers expressing concern about the qualities they should be looking for in their prospective mates. As a service to our readers we conducted an extensive survey of hundreds of women spread all over the Boro Park area and we're pleased to publish the results in the hope that some disasters can be avoided.

Physical Attraction

Contrary to what most goyische girls look for, the overwhelming majority of our respondents said that "looks weren't all that important." While our research experts questioned this at first, a closer look at the men in the surveyed area confirmed the accuracy of the response. After all, if love is blind, why not other disabilities?

Financial Security

The consensus of opinion seemed to indicate that large amounts of money were not necessarily bad if used for worthy purposes: being able to afford the best quality Sheytels so as to look beautiful only for their husbands, getting the best table at Bernsteins and be able to get a bird's eye view of who comes in, enough money to be the guest of honor at a Yeshiva Dinner and have the *Jewish Press* publish your name every week for two months, and, finally,the ability to spend every holiday at Jerusalem Plaza without fear of nothing to wear.

Intelligence

Very important to all who answered our survey, next to "good dancer" this was mentioned as the single most critical element in a good mate. Doctors, lawyers, accountants and electronics salesmen were cited as examples of people with high intelligence.

Maturity

Hardly mentioned by anyone as being even remotely important. The most frequent response was, "If you have your youth, you have everything!" One or two respondents mentioned they'd consider "a mature type" but only if Grossinger's was booked solid for Labor Day weekend.

Unselfishness

The classic "give-and-take" relationship seems to be disappearing in most places outside of Boro Park. The ability to put someone else's needs first was considered highly important by many readers. Citing the famous sage's words "If not for me, then for whom?" a few readers questioned this dedication to others and mentioned that "looking out for number one" was a much-quoted rabbinic principle and who were they to contradict the rabbis?

Common Interests

Not even worth discussing.

Sense of Humor

This quality was deemed very important "with all of the problems faced living in overpriced cheeseboxes, you really need a good sense of humor." The only time this trait was not appreciated was when the spouse makes fun of the woman's parents and/or relatives. One woman was quoted as saying, "When Moshe said that my mother possessed 'Midos Amalek' I *didn't find it very funny."*

Sensitivity and Flexibility

Judged to be too personal to discuss in public, several women quietly said that both were nice features on occasion.

The Dung Gate

The Dung Gate to the Old City was so named because the adjacent restrooms were always out of order.

Only 5,000 copies left

The Noach Deer 1981 Year In Pictures

See why Noach Deer has become the most photographed person ever in the Jewish Press. See Noach fight parking tickets on 13th Avenue, brave cold weather at groundbreaking of new fire hydrant in front of Satmar Yeshiva. See Noach shake hands with almost every politician who ever entered Boro Park. Also never before published pictures of Noach as a child, posing for a friend.

Now in store windows everywhere.

SHE AND HE

Two opposing viewpoints by consenting adults

Address all letters c/o SHE & HE NJP

Dear She & He

I work for the U.S. Department of Espionage Prevention in Immigration. I am trained by nature to be very discriminating as to whom I converse with. Last week as I exited from the subway, a lovely young lady with a chai around her neck approached me and asked me, in a heavy foreign accent, if I knew my way around. Instinctively, I became suspicious of her. She asked for my name and my occupation. I tried to be vague but she persisted. Acting quickly, I pushed her into oncoming traffic and ran, secure in the knowledge that my identity was safe. She was taken to a hospital and subsequently released. I yearn to have a second opportunity to meet this foreign wounded angel. Perhaps in your wisdom you can help.

She:

Obviously this girl is interested in you. At the time of the auto accident there had to have been a police report filed. Ask to see the report.

(Continued on Page 16)

Single Trick File

by Guest Writer Shimmie Outofit Author of "50 Ways to Leave Your Date"

Here is a heartwarming letter from the first girl who used the Hatzala Dating Rescue Service. She recounts the successful maiden voyage of those boys in white.

Ida Rathernot was sitting in Shmulka Bernsteins with her date, Ken Takeit. Ida, a girl with a Bais Yakov education and well developed in the character trait of patience, was worn thin by Ken's bland and unbearably boring conversation and manner. By the Moo Goo Gai Pan she was ready for tears and with the last bit of her waning strength she said, "Excuse me, I have to make a phone call." Ken blandly acceded with a nebishy "awright." Ida, gasping for breath and beginning to break out in a cold sweat, managed to get to the back of the restaurant where the phone was. She dialed the toll free number. "Hurry, please. It's an emergency, a matter of life and death."

Back at the table Ken was saying to himself, "Gee, what a long phone call."

Ida breathily gasped the address. She heard the cheerful, understanding voice on the other end say, "OK lady, be there before you can say Jack Robinowitz."

Ida leaned against the wall and tried to regain her strength.

Ken was wondering whether the duck sauce or the mustard would go better with his spare ribs when he heard a siren which grew louder and

(Continued on Page 16)

YOUNG ISRAEL

OF ELLIS ISLAND YOUNG ADULTS

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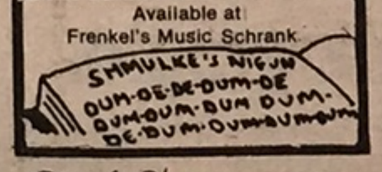

Single? Divorced? Widowed?

or just wanna feel like someone who is?

Join our correspondence club and you'll never be lonely again!

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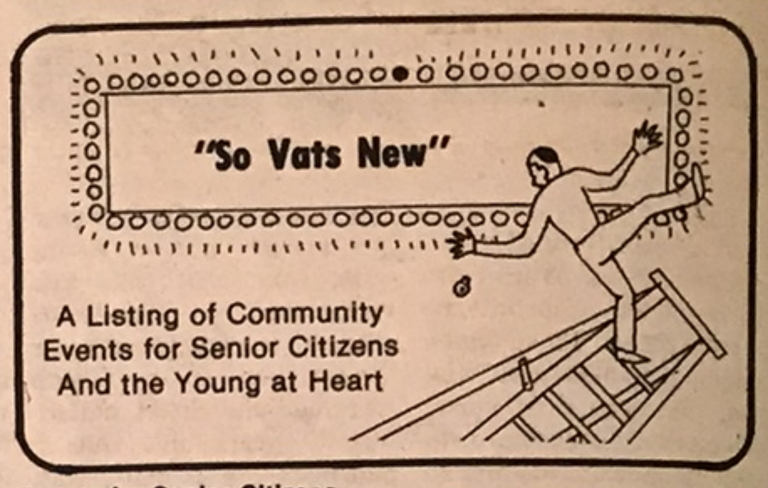
American Jewish Friendly Society

Our theme song: I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter and Make Believe It Came From You.



Events for Senior Citizens

Aerobic Dancing for Senior Citizens—Dance to Disco music (45's played at 33 speed)—Coronary unit, Maimonides Hospital.

Martial Arts for Geriatrics—learn how to protect yourself from muggers by beating them with your cane or house keys. Brighton Beach Library, Tuesdays at 2:00 p.m.

Tupperware Party—sponsored by Flatbush Park Senior League. Special display of his and hers tupperware to keep your teeth in overnight. Wednesday, 8:00 p.m.

Sycamore Street Swinging Seniors Singles—compare social security checks and learn how to get married and not lose a dime. Monday at 6:00 p.m.

"Pushing Up Daisies"—a slide-show and lecture "tour" of all the Jewish cemeteries in New York, New Jersey and Florida. Don't wait till it's too late, pick your final address now. Parkside Chapels, Monday at 8:00 p.m.

Events for the Entire Family

Flea Market at Young Israel of Briarwood, Sunday 11:00 a.m.-5 p.m. Buy fleas and other insects at huge discount.

Dr. Yankel Shmukler will lecture at the Community Center of Wycoff Heights on Tuesday at 6:30 p.m. His topic, "My Experiences in Rush-Hour Traffic on the Long Island Expressway."

Yoachim Butkowitz, noted Israeli pianist, will play the clarinet for the first time ever on Wednesday at 8:00 p.m. at the 92nd Street Y.

The Brothers Dim in concert at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Allentown, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by the Brothers of St. Mary's.

"Cataracts and You"—a film about the life of the cataract in their natural habitat, the marshlands and woodlands. Flatlands Avenue Community Center, 8:00 p.m. Thursday.

"Cavalcade of Stars"—featuring Pinky Tannenbaum, Yerachmial Michaelowitz, Boruch Shayovic, Yankel Tuchovits and other big name surprise guest stars. A night you won't be able to forget. Canarsie High School in Canarsie. Saturday, 8:30 p.m. Bus leaves from Flatbush at 7:00 p.m.

Club Chutzpah—come to Brooklyn's newest and most unique club. Watch over twenty people with no talent get up and make complete fools of themselves. If you order food (at extra charge, of course) you can throw it at the performers! Brooklyn College Shammai House. Saturday at 8:00 p.m.

Jewish Theatre

"A Mieskeit Grows in Brooklyn"—A play in broken English. Norman Thomas Theatre, Sundays at 3:00 p.m.

"The Hungarian Wedding"—A tragic-comedy in three acts and eight courses. Bring your pocketbook and leave clasp open. Norman Thomas Theatre, Tuesday evenings at 8:00 p.m.

"Goldsmith's Daughter"—A play in Yiddish with translation in Hungarian. Musical fable about the daughter of one Yankel Goldsmith from Poland. Norman Thomas Theatre, Sunday at 3:00 p.m.

"Lox, Stockman and Bagels"—A Jewish musical comedy. 60% in English, 10% in Yiddish, 8% in Hungarian, 6.5% in Russian, 4.25% in Polish, 2.1096% in Bulgarian. The rest is Lower Latvian and/or totally unintelligible. Norman Thomas Theatre, Sundays at 3:00 p.m.

Events for Teens

N.C.S.Y. Shabbaton in Philadelphia, Tuesday-Thursday March 9-11, 1982.

Jewish Exhibits

"If I Can't Sing I'll Eat My Hat"—exhibit of all the great cantors' caps from the 19th and 20th Century. Jewish Museum.

Crib Sheets and Other Cheatings—an exhibit of confiscated tools of cheating. Y.U. Museum of Jewish History in America.

The Doodles of Yankel Grossberg—the boring life of a Jacoby & Meyers attorney. At all TSS stores.

THE J.D.L.

(Jewish Divorce League)

Announces Their 1st Annual Convention

CLUB GETT-AWAY

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an exciting luxurious resort for

All you Go-Getters and Gett-Setters

Labor Day - Sept. 3rd - 6th

Kohanim need not apply.

A Torah Thought For Purim

by Leo (Stretch) Garterbelt

Megilias Esther,

I have just come from a wonderful Purim Shpiel that was celebrated at one of my favorite hotels. There were Hamentashen and *plenty* to drink. Everybody enjoyed themselves but as you all know Purim is also a time for learning a lesson from history. I'm telling you, today people unfortunately are too quick to jump to conclusions. We are too often beguiled into black and white judgments and instant condemnations. We forget that our sages wanted us to try to see Haman as the zakai (meritorious one) and Mordechai as the villain. We have allowed orchestrated heckling of children to turn the megillah into a fairy tale and Purim into a Jewish Halloween. So let us return to our rabbis' advice about switching Haman and Mordechai by examining Megilias Esther in a cold, brisk manner, far from the Rocky Horror Picture Show atmosphere of groggers griding at our eardrums.

At the start, it is clear that Haman had worked himself up to the Administration's inner circle (3:1) and that he was instrumental in killing Vashti's ERA movement. The first time we see him "angry," moley chemah (3:5) was because of Mordechai's dual loyalty. Mordechai's own background is rather shady. He is first called only "a certain Jew" (5:1) from the violent tribe of Benjamin. Our sages question whether he was merely the ward of the beautiful Esther, and why he hung around b'shaar hamelech (gates of the king's palace) only during a beauty pageant (2:19). Why he entered Esther in the first place is also a problem, indicating that he would be the region's biggest religious troublemaker until Khomeini.

Because Mordechai carefully recorded the "history" himself (9:29), we can only speculate as to just how he really discovered and turned in the would-be assassins of Shah Achashverosh. Mordechai's alliances were so treacherous that we see him warning Esther in 4:13. al tadmi b'nafshech lehimales—that she "would not survive if she double-crossed him." While Mordechai was a despondent sort (4:1), Haman is seen as sameach vetov lev—"joyful and glad of heart." It was Haman, not Mordechai, that Esther preferred to drink with. When instigated by Mordechai (whose name infers mored or rebel), Haman yet remains cheerful, taking solace in loved ones and counting his blessings (5:10-11). When the King is sleepless, it is Haman who is at hand for comfort and advice (6:4). Haman is able to lead Mordechai to public honors (6:11), while Mordechai started all the trouble for the Jews when he refused to give some covod (honor) to a goyish politician.

Haman had a profound sense of love and death. When faced with betrayal he tried to "seduce both the King and Queen"—vayomer hamelech, hagum lichbosh es hamalka imi, (7:8). And "Haman was well hung, 50 cubits was his gallows" (8:9); and he was zoche (privileged) to be buried with his family (9:12). Was it mere coincidence that Mordechai ended up with Haman's estate (8:7) and administrative post (10:3), or was this the result of some sordid plot? And did you notice that the first thing the administration does under Mordechai is to follow corrupt liberal party lines? Vayasem mas al Ha'aretz—"increasing taxes" to throw money at social problems.

Of course at a quick glance the facts about Purim seem straightforward. But what differentiates Purim from a Jewish St. Patrick's Day is the nistar; the "hidden" facts which reveal themselves only with closer investigation of the whole megillah.

There you have it raboisai (folks). Another brilliant Torah Thought fraught with piercing insight and authoritative quotes.

If you like my inane bits of Torah and stories, you may want to buy my book, "Gorterbelt's Torah," where you will find hundreds of them. The price of the book, which is on a real scroll of parchment and comes rolled up in a Reynold's Wrap box, is $6.00. Or, for you bargain hunters out there, three for $17.95. It's suitable for a Bar or Bas Mitzvah or wedding gift for someone not especially selective. You may also buy (really, I'll let you) my book with Torah and stories on Pesach, Sukkos and Shevuos, "Regel by Regel," at $7.95; my brilliant book of chidushim "use of Parentheses In the Torah," $8.95; and "That's the Story of My Life," a compendium of anecdotes about the interesting things that happen in the ever-stimulating kosher hotel business. You'll recognize yourself and all your wonderful friends complaining that the john doesn't work, that the chicken's too cold or that you'll be darned if you're goind to pay for that phone call to Antwerp. Pay $14.95 or you won't get the opportunity to hear yourself kvetching in this lovable book. All proceeds go to charity!

Make checks payable to the Golden Flow Milk Fund for the Underprivileged Acapulco Hotel Guests and order from *Not the Jewish Press*. 5% off if you pick up and pay in cash.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR cont.

A Queer Query

As a gay, religious—and religiously gay—person I must object to Rabbi Arthur Dox's statements [April 1] in favor of strict literal interpretation of the Bible. How, after all, can gays obey a contradiction in terms, the injunction (Gen. 1:28) to "be fruitful and multiply"?

Ferdie Fagel

Dear Editor:

Last week you listed my name in your obituary column. What nerve! I am very much alive, and feeling fine. What do you intend to do about this???

P.S. The flowers were lovely.

Reply:

Dear Mr. Langlaben:

We'll put you in the births column next week and give you a fresh start.

Editor

Dear Sir:

Now that the kosher food ripoff is getting some attention, who's going to do something about the price of esrogim? Too many Jews can't afford this annual Succos scam. You shell out forty bucks, open up the little white box, and find out you got a real lemon! I told the Jewish book store owner how the Korean next door sells citrons for 39 cents, and he yells back at me: "These ain't Sunkist! These are genuine glatt kosher esrogim. Whaddaya think, they grow on trees?!"

Gnat Supperstain

Deaf Yoni's Message

By Yonatan Abushmooeli

Central Bus Station Tel Aviv

Megilas Esther

With its matonat l'evyonim and mishloach manot—handouts and free lunches—Purim time is especially good for your friend Deaf Yoni, who's been working the Central Bus Station of Tel-Aviv for eleven years now. The holiday spirit tends to loosen up even the meanest sorts who always respond to my "help the deaf" sign with loud curses. With so many drunkenly generous patrons around, I rarely have to use the international hand signal of the deaf (extending digit from closed fist) for passersby.

There are many insights from Megilas Esther to add to the running topic of this column, Kabalat Tzedakah or panhandling. We turn to the beginning of Perek Daled where we see that Mordecai "yodah es kol asher na'aseh" he knew where it was at. Things were bad. So did he invest his last dime in a new suit for a job interview? Of course not! "And Mordecai tore up his clothes, clipped on some rags and some housedust, and went through town yelling out his long bitter story."

People are in too much of a hurry for that sort of thing these days, but surely Mordecai would have made up a sealed-in-plastic charity letter, in the many languages that he knew, and would have hit on every kind of tourist. Now, did Mordedcai work just any neighborhood? Would you find a pro like him in the Skuzball Quarter of the Old City, or hanging around some tawdry gravesites of some no-count mystics in Tiberia? No way, rofay! The very next pasuk gives us the grand chutzpah and style of Mordecai. "And he went up to the very gate of the palace, when one couldn't go to the palace looking like that (4.2)." The 'ki ein Lavoh" emphasises that 'WHEN" and "BECAUSE" bums were prohibited from the palace grounds did Mordecai choose it as his turf.

Mordecai didn't sit back and shake a pushka. He made a scene. He was an embarrassment to anyone who saw him. We learn from this that you don't appeal to one's benevolence, but rather you make them desperate to get you off their back. Many times I've been told, "Here, take 500 sheckels, take a shave, get a bath, but get off the Knesset grounds." Or, for you readers doing institutional work, it might be something like: "Here, take five thousand dollars, but give some decent food to those meiskeit orphans . . . and don't come dressed like that to my Park Avenue waiting room".

Of course Mordecai made it to the very top, which not even an schnorrer like Shimon Perez could do. But *whether you are an amateur working funerals in Williamsburg or a pro, fundraising for Yeshiva University, there is much to learn from Megilat Esther in the art of collecting Tzedakah.*

והיו לבשר אחד

"...And they shall be of one fleish" Gen. 2:24

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The one and only place for all your fleishige shopping. Our staff of expert butchers works to meat your needs. Kashrus strictly enforced by the renowned Sandaker Dayan, Chanania Lipa Tortellone of K'hal Adas Macharidim, Sicily.

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Possnisht

If it doesn't say PossNisht, so-PossNisht

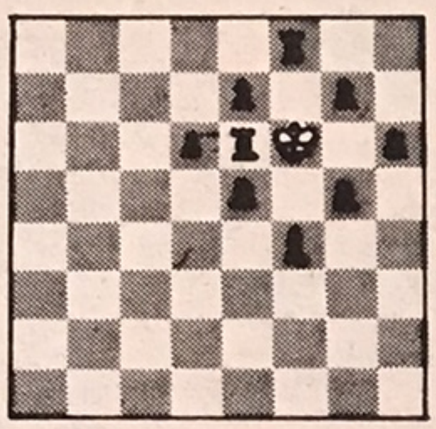
Pawns In The Press

by Jeffrey Castler
U.S. Grand Dragon

White: Ed Koch, candidate for Grandmaster
Black: Jesse Jackson, the 3rd World Champion from the South

Sicilian Defense

1. e4c5 2. c3Nf6 3. e5Nd5 4. Bx11 bus to YU186 5. Qb7?! (Better he should use R2D2 to C3PO.) Faced with a grave challenge from Jackson and Black, White and Koch resort to a Sicilian Defense with his Mafia connections. A conventional legal defense would barely postpone the penetration of the White Queen's area by Black attempts at castling with a housing project that would open the way for many Black pawns. 6. x125st 7. KxJdL7 In no time, these pawns are exchanged for dangerous rooks who work knights, attack the White castles, and carry pieces of high calibur. 8. NaaCP67 9. MLK Black's early advantage is based on daring freedom of movement exercised by M.L. King and backed up by Black bishops. 10. KkK AXes MLK69 Jackson plays King's bishop when King is checked by well-hidden, Invisible White Knights. 11. RjJ770 MTa613 With his quick Jewish mind, Ed Koch gains pieces in profitable pawn exchanges, and pays off White rooks to check Black advances into White Queen's domain. Koch then owns the vertical lane with his chain of White Castles. Koch also takes advantage of a Jackson blunder and goes to the press when Black bishop is trapped trying to force White Queen during mate attempt. Another mistake and Jesse Jackson is out of reach of the White Castle he needed to advance his Black pawns. 12. JdL72 and draw. By now, the Jewish defender regains the upper hand in the end game, and Black has to settle for a draw. Jackson is sure to challenge the Life Masters next as the local Atlanta tourney is imminent.



* * *

The Soviets were still reeling from former President Nixon's Chinese Checkers speech when the Kremlin decided to counter with a propaganda victory. They had Russian Master Boris Spassdic challenge his classic American opponent Body Fisher. Fisher is less in shape for a rematch than Mohammed Ali, but chess is 60% ego (and 40% sheer luck). Fisher has foolishly accepted Spassdic's challenge and was last seen warming up with a game of Candyland and purchasing Sephardic amulets to ward off evil eyes cast by KGB psychics.

Dieting for A Better Self

Many children obeyed the Jewish Mother's Eleventh Commandment, "Thou *shalt eat." When they overdid it and later tried to lost weight, their mothers* countered with plates of food and the appeal, "Eat, eat, people are starving on diets."

For those who now have a fat chance of staying thin, famous Jewish dieter Elizabeth Taylor has revealed her slim collection of secrets. The Taylor-made regimen even has a Judaic basis.

This is the same diet Elizabeth Taylor went on. And went on. And went on. The pious beauty, famous for repeatedly being sacrificed at the altar, suggests that those who are tired of fighting a losing battle obey these dietary laws.

Elizabeth Taylor's Jewish Diet

Day 1. For a fast start, begin the diet on Yom Kippur. For 25 hours, no food or water. Breathing is allowed.

Day 2. Cast your bread on the waters. Then all your other food. Then swim after it—the exercise will do you good. Repeat all day. It's not a good idea to eat anything, because if you swim too soon after eating, you'll get a cramp.

Day 3. You eat out. Go to a pork store for breakfast, an oyster bar for lunch and a cheeseburger place for dinner. But you must eat only the kosher food you can find at these places or not eat at all.

Day 4. All the dry matzoh you can eat.

Day 5. It's Biblical Exercise Day. Recreate the Israelites' flight from Egypt, Samson tearing down the temple, young David chasing his flock's stray sheep and Joshua running around the walls of Jericho. If the sheep make you hungry, all the wool you can eat.

Day 6. Eat only manna. Wait for it to fall.

Day 7. And on the seventh day you rest. You should be too weak from not eating all week to eat anyway. Rest, don't do anything at all—don't even eat.

Repeat as necessary. Further strategies: on holidays, while others are packing in latkes, honey cake or hamentashen, stick to the menu for Tisha B'Av. To prevent binging on vacation, don prophet's robes (a slenderizing look), and spend your vacation in a valley of dry bones. And if you tend to gain back weight you've lost, try the Joseph-in-Egypt Diet, on which you alternate between seven fat years and seven lean years.

On second thought, Taylor advises, never mind the diet. Why deny yourself and feel frustrated? Eat and enjoy.

Two comrade in arms model Mr. B's 1976-1982 Spring collection.

Mr. Boris' Russo-American Fashion Emporium

The latest collection in 1972 American styled fashion sportswear designed by Boris fashions were unveiled today for the first time to the general public. Mr. Boris was on hand personally to give me this exclusive interview at the posh boutique located in the heart of the Little Odessa section of Brighton Beach. Mr. Boris, one of the boardwalk pioneers, ecstatically enlightened me on how he came to create these devastating extravaganzas. "What the American-Russian woman wants today is something unique, none of that run of the mill trendy stuff. She wants to stand out in a crowd." And thanks to Mr. B., with very little effort, she does.

Mr. B's selection includes a multitude of genuine imitation leather handbags, fake fur trimmed coats and jackets, as well as crushed red patent leather look vinyl raincoats with matching four and a half inch platform boots. (A definite must for any fashion conscious Russo-American woman.)

From his Siberian collection, one very hot item was a fur lined nightgown, another original by Mr. B.

Also introduced were several snappy numbers for evening wear. In particular, a stunning red Spandex jumpsuit in sizes *large to extra-large, specifically designed for the woman who has a little more to* spare and is proud to show it.

Mr. B also exhibited a make-up counter with never before seen shades in lip and nail colors. The most outstanding were Russian Red, Prussian Pink and Georgia Peach. But the coordinating eye colors in Lithuanian Lavendar, Baltic Sea Blue and Gulag Archipelago Grey were the hits of the opening. Olga, a specially trained make-up artist, will be happy to give free make-up demonstrations and she is indeed talented. Olga is not restrained by the conventional practices that so many artists are known for, such as matching a shade of make-up to your skin tone, but brings along with her years of expertise from the Rasputin Institute of Beauty. "All that matters is that you like the color" she cheerfully explains.

Until now Mr. B.'s emporium only sold to the women of his native land, but by popular demand he has announced that the boutique will be opened to the general public. So girls, if you've always wondered how to capture the look that's conquering the world, Mr. B is here at last.

P.S. To celebrate Mr. B's Grand Opening molotov cocktails are served as a courtesy of the house.

Exotic Travel

Visit Historical Williamsburgh

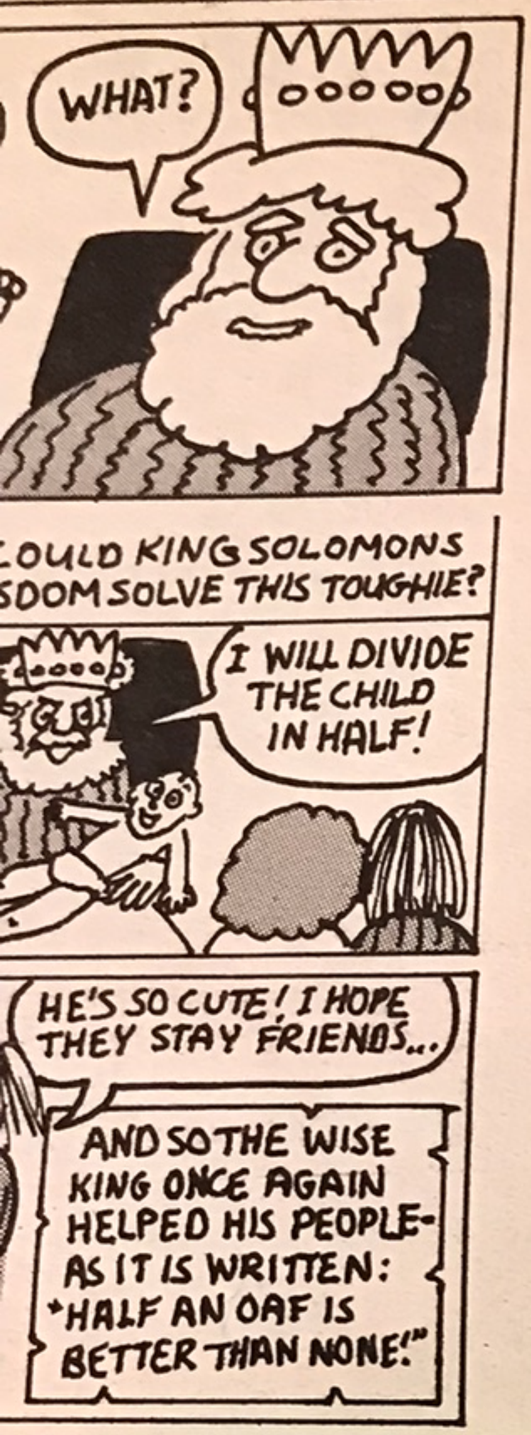
The only pre-colonial settlement in continuous habitation beckons you with its history and charm. See the lavish, quaint carriages roll by, and hear the brood of babies howling within. See the colorful (black and white) costumes that the Polish gentry have abandoned 400 years go. The women are adorned with old style wigs, their shin length shifts chaffing against black seamed stockings. The men's wigs are secured to their heads by winding locks of hair round their ears. Most of these pious, colorful men have responded to the Lord's calling and are polishing diamonds.

Come to Williamsburgh-by-the-Bridge and relive 16th century Poland. What a marvelous time and place it was! Life was so full of surprises. On any given night, hundreds of boisterous peasants would clamor to the little settlements. Sudden brushes with violence were commonplace. Now, the New World colony's excitement comes from brushes with Black and Hispanic neighbors, the only Williamsburgh denizens who don't wear Western and Semitic garb.

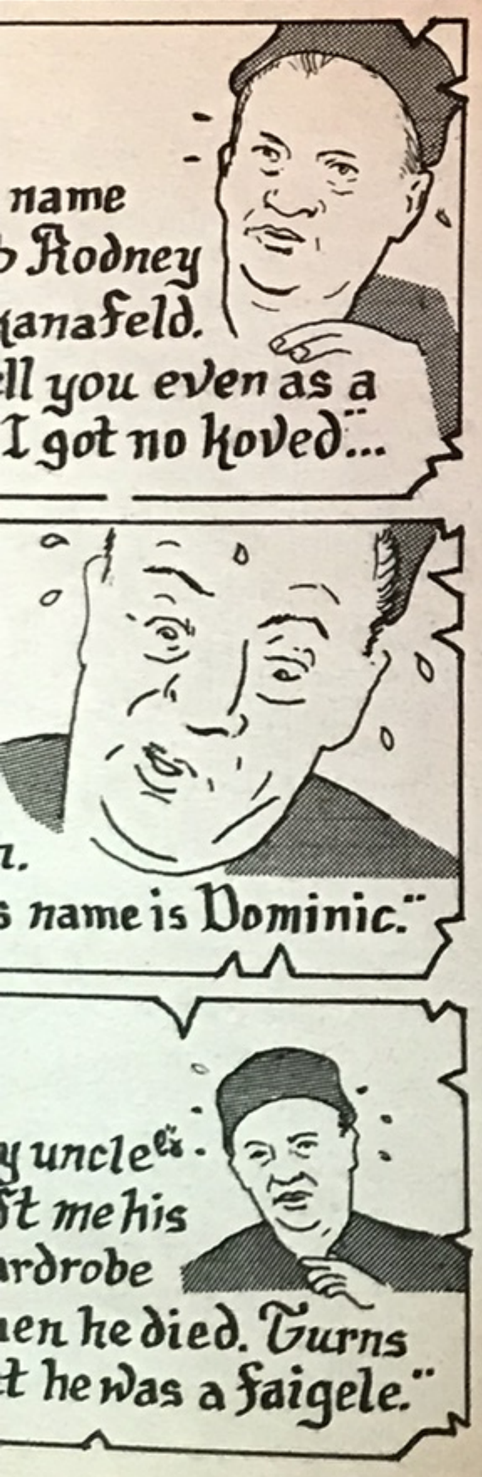
Time has stood still for this little colony.. A hybrid language from their beloved German, along with Old World customs, prejudices and clan rivalries are all preserved here in historic Williamsburgh.

Williamsburgh is for diamond lovers

by Feelman & Spine



Feelman & Spine



NEW STORIES OF CHELM

by Salt & Feffer

The Genius of Chelm

One day on the train from Chelm to G'dansk, a distinguished passenger struck up a conversation with Mottel the genius of Chelm. "Tell me friend, our town is suffering terribly, food shortages, economic chaos, how

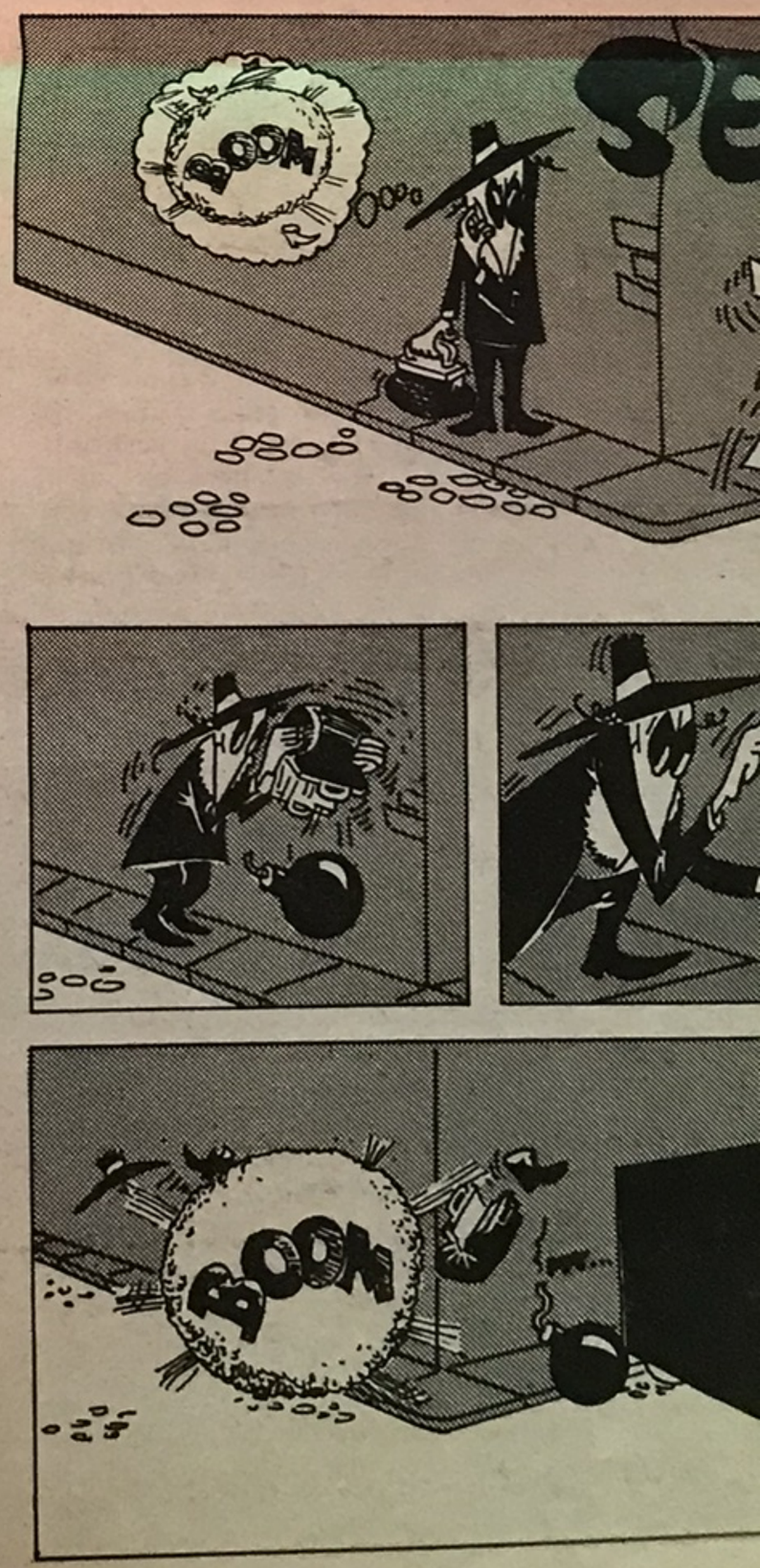
can we improve our situation?" Mottel looked at the stranger quizzically. The conductor, overhearing the question, mused, "Are you crazy, seeking advice from a Chelmite dunce?"

The man from G'dansk looked apologetically to the conductor and the onlookers who had gathered. "We're desperate, any advice we can solicit will help." "In Chelm they are so dumb, that they think Lech Walesa is a resort town outside of Lodz," snickered an onlooker. Suddenly Mottel turned to the stranger and replied, "I believe the economy of G'dansk clearly needs a centralized approach to capital formation. On the other hand, the very centrality of the present setup has formed a paralysis that wouldn't be easy to ameliorate. Let me suggest the

following: When we get to G'dansk I'll make a few calls. I have several well connected friends in the government and perhaps a thought or two of mine will help them ease the situation."

Everyone sat stunned. The grateful stranger grasped Mottel's hand and asked, "How come all of those stories make you Chelmites to be idiots?" Mottel paused and with a twinkle replied, "That'll serve you right for believing everything you read in books and newspapers."

NEW TALES OF RABBI AKIBA



DE VI'BEL'S PAGE

New Revolutionary First Aid for Heartburn and Choking Victims

CPR, or cardiopulmonary resuscitation, has saved many victims of heart attack. Now there is a new procedure available to aid the victim recovering from heavy meals and the resulting heartburn attack. Called CPR, or corpulent pupik resuscitation, the skills can be easily learned by anyone from a free illustrated pamphlet available through your local chapter of the American Heartburn Association.

This new first aid technique consists of administering a glass of seltzer while checking for vital signs, such as a belch or an 'oy vey'. Sitting or lying the patient down and loosening his belt may also be helpful in reducing shock and restoring breathing. If the victim was stricken after the main course and manages to make it back to the table, expect a possible relapse after dessert.

This procedure is so easy and effective that in a typical case a 5-year-old child successfully resuscitated an adult who had overdosed on a small Passover pre-Seder nosh of Matzoh balls, chopped liver, roast chicken and lukshen kugel and was suffering from severe and a non-elastic waistband. Unfortunately the child rescuer had to be revived after ingesting critical amounts of chocolate cake, fruit compote, macaroons and cream soda.

The Heimisch Maneuver

The new and useful technique to deal with another type of emergency is the Heimisch maneuver for an obstructed airway. This consists of pressing under the patient's diaphragm while telling jokes designed to produce a belly laugh that will expel the foreign object. For example, a fast-food eater with a falafel ball stuck in the throat was asked the following riddle: Why did the chicken cross the road? Answer: It saw Frank Perdue. Upon hearing this, the victim immediately coughed out the falafel and went into critical condition, criticizing the awfulness of the joke.

The medical mavens who designed these techniques, thus giving hope for heartburn and other conditions dieters find hard to swallow, suggest that one person in each family learn these lifesaving skills. They also suggest that all Jewish delis and restaurants prominently display posters illustrating techniques and warning that too much fressing may be hazardous to your health.

Impact of Men's Lib on Jewish History

by Prof. Livia Baton Twirliger

A lot has been written in the last decade about womens rights, equality, & status. This goyisheh chazerei has, nebuch, found its way into the religious world.

It's bad enough women are leaving their traditional roles as mother, wife and all round akeres habayis for corporate presidencies, government and peep show ownership. But to add insult to industry, women wanted equality in religion after "thousands of years of repression and role playing" as one Reform Rabbi and lesbian puts it. Woman aliyas to the torah, counting in a minyan and changing the brachah to "shehlo asani ish."

But do you ever hear about Rabbi Yungrice? You do not. Do you ever hear about men wearing sheitlach? You do not. If you're gonna liberate, if you want equality, you gotta have it both ways (no pun intended). Why can't men take challah? Does it hurt you? Really? Does it upset the cosmic balance that much?

The very idea of rolls has been shown to be outmoded by the women's movement. But the work has just begun. Now men secretaries, manicurists, and male bag ladies have to make a firm expression of their right to equal status in all fields of life's endeavors. Before we can turn the tide, before we can claim to be the advanced society we say we are, the scale must be balanced.

Take the Gay Synagogue in Greenwich Village for example. Worshippers there are fulfilling roles occupied traditionally by women only in the home and the movement must be brought into society. Be a Jew in the home and a women in the street, boys! That's how to get reform! I must admit the synagogue has made a firm step by giving us the first man rebitzen.

With inspiring models like this to work from we will carry on the fight and just plain carry on until the final redemption, may it be soon and in our days.

And we say, "a(wo)men."

Why Not In The Jewish Stars

by Jennie Dixon

Aries-Reuven (Mar. 22-Apr. 20): With your energy at its peak this week, you'll be running to stimulating Torah lectures, promising new career classes and exciting social events. You should've married and settled down years ago.

Taurus-Shimon (Apr. 21-May 21): I would advise against excessive fressing and taking that lucrative cantorial job in Jersey, but you're too stubborn and dull-witted to listen.

Gemini-Naphtali (May 22-June 22): For the entire week, nobody will call you a yenta. You'll be too busy paying your old phone bills.

Cancer-Gad (June 23-July 23): In the world to come you'll surely be rewarded for honoring your old father and mother. This world you've already ruined by never leaving home.

Leo-Judah (July 24-Aug. 23): Big macher that you are, you're not even going to bother reading the lines for the eleven other little guys.

Virgo-Joseph (Aug. 24-Sept. 23): Forget the new romantic interest, for Scorpios it's always mitzvah night. And better wash your hands again, this newspaper print is lousy.

Libra-Dan (Sept. 24-Oct. 23): Do ask a rabbi about that decision that's been bothering you, as soon as you decide which decision and which rabbi.

Scorpio-Benjamin (Oct. 24-Nov. 22): Your insecurities have truly mellowed out. If the Goldstein kid puts another roller skate on your doorstep, you'll slip a razor blade in his shaloach manos.

Sagittarius-Asher (Nov. 23-Dec. 22): You'll still be happy-go-lucky at the end of this week. That's why you're a bigger shlemiel than most of us care to know.

Capricorn-Issachar (Dec. 23-Jan. 19): Now, you're not disappointed by the week's reverses. You've planned it all for a business loss.

Aquarius-Levi (Jan. 20-Feb. 19): You'll do a lot of work for a worthy tzedakah at this time, so long as there's a lot of honor in it for you.

Pisces-Zevulun (Feb. 20-Mar. 21): A schnorrer like you would go far with self-confidence. Stop feeling sorry for yourself and stop believing everything you read in this paper.

RECIPE CIRCLE

LUKSHEN KUGEL IN 31 FLAVORS
by BasCohen Anna Robbins

Ladies, have you ever been stumped on what to serve for a foreshpice, side dish, dessert or even a main course? Well, you need not wonder any longer. Using this easy basic recipe you too can astound family and friends with your culinary expertise.

All you have to do is follow the recipe below and for each variation add as indicated.

Basic Recipe

½ lb. broad noodles
3 eggs separated
3 tablespoons margarine
2 tablespoons sugar (saccharin will not do, what with that awful aftertaste, if you're on a diet don't eat the lukshen)
½ teaspoon salt

Boil and drain noodles. Preheat oven to 350. Beat egg yolks, margarine, sugar and salt until smooth. Fold egg mixture into noodles. Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold into noodle mixture. If desired, add variation. Gently dump mixture into well greased baking dish; even out surface. Bake 30-40 minutes or until brown on top.

Variations

Rum Raisin—The perfect dessert for Purim. Guaranteed to help you get into the Purim spirit. Add ½ cup dark rum and 4 tablespoons raisins. If you don't have the raisins add another ½ cup of rum and you won't know the difference.

Heavenly Hash—Ever wonder what to do with all those plates of goodies the neighbors sent for Purim and your kids picked through? Here's the perfect solution: Take all your Shalach Manos leftovers, mix together. Remove wine from bottle first.

Rocky Road—A sure winner with the family at the Erev Tisha B'av meal; it will definitely get you in the mood. Combine 2 cups small to medium sized pebbles, 1 tablespoon ashes, 1 jigger of vinegar, stir and taste, (may need a little more) 1 whole onion grated.

Hot Peppers and Rice—A special treat for your Sephardic friends. Mix 3 cups hot peppers, 1 cup rice and 1 quart tabasco sauce. They will positively get a bang out of each mouthful.

Rhubarb and Prunes—When grandma comes to visit. 3 stalks finely chopped and boiled rhubarb, go easy on the prunes.

For a complete list of the remaining twenty-six flavors send to BasCohen Anna Robbins, c/o Not the Jewish Press.

THE BAIS YAAKOV GOURMET
Ketchup as a Meal

Think back to those fond days at Bais Yakov or Yeshiva and that one period that you looked forward to with the greatest of joy—the institutional lunch. Come with us as we revisit those delectable bygone days and treat yourself to a recipe that you could serve to the entire family—or even the entire neighborhood. The Reagan Administration wanted to make ketchup a vegetable. Well, I remember when ketchup was a meal, and what a meal it was.

ROCHEL'S KETCHUP LOAF
(serves 40)

3 Bottles Ketchup
1 Can Tomato Sauce
1 Can Tomato Juice
1 Can V-8
1 onion
5 Tomatoes
½ Can Tuna (optional)

Stew tomatoes until pink and hot. Add ketchup and simmer 20 minutes. Mix tomato sauce, onion and tuna in an unwashed aluminum bowl. Mix with stew and add remaining ingredients. Mold into loaf (or for holidays try the braided challah shape) and place in the oven for 40 minutes at 325°. Let cool, cut into slices and serve with hard rye bread.

It may take a while to make, but the memories to come will be well worth it.

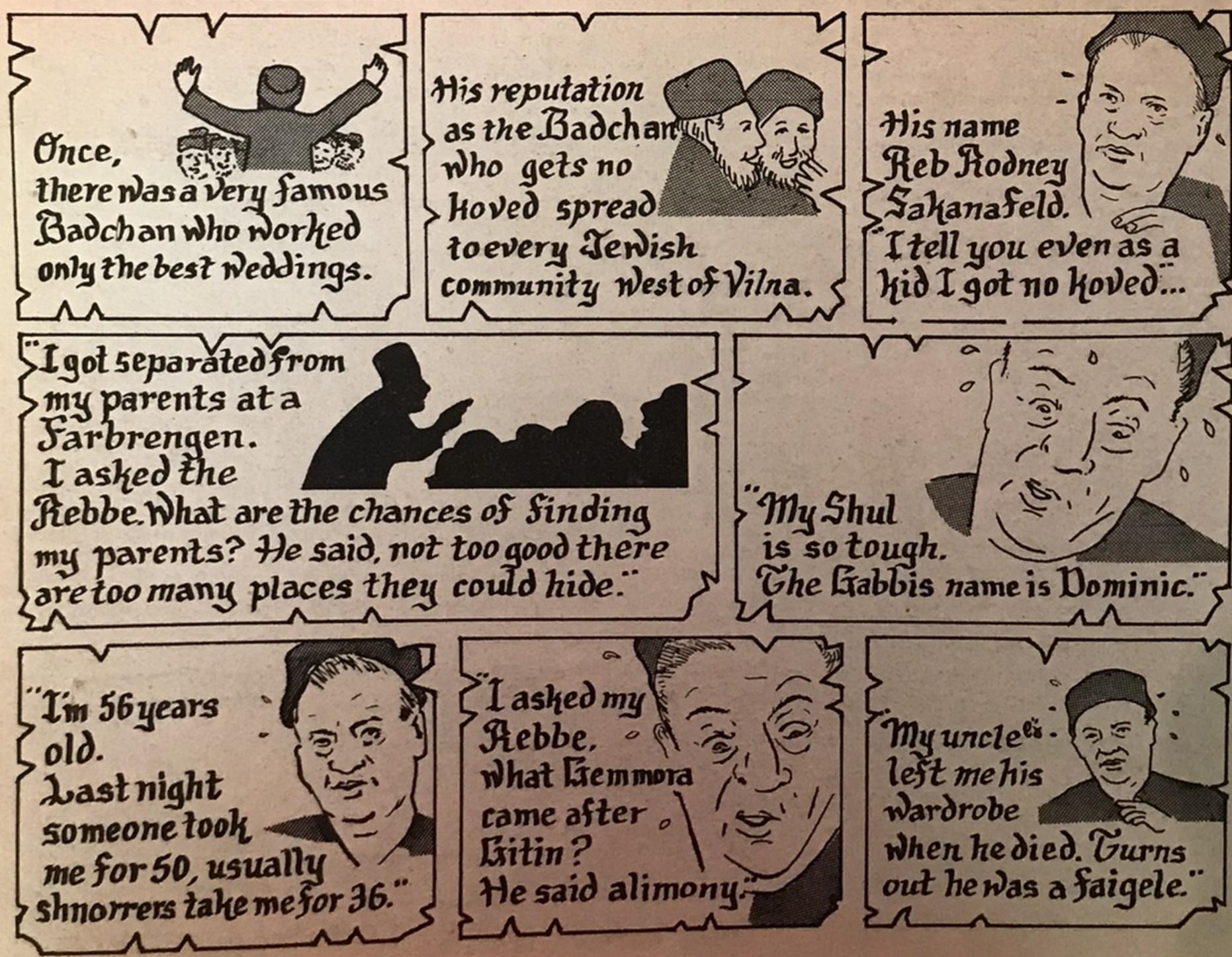
Next week—Pesach: Eating Matzoh with Relish

THE STORIES OF KING SOLOMON

by Feelman & Spine

Tales of our Badchanim

by Feelman & Spine



NEW STORIES O

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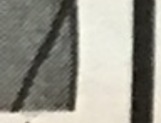

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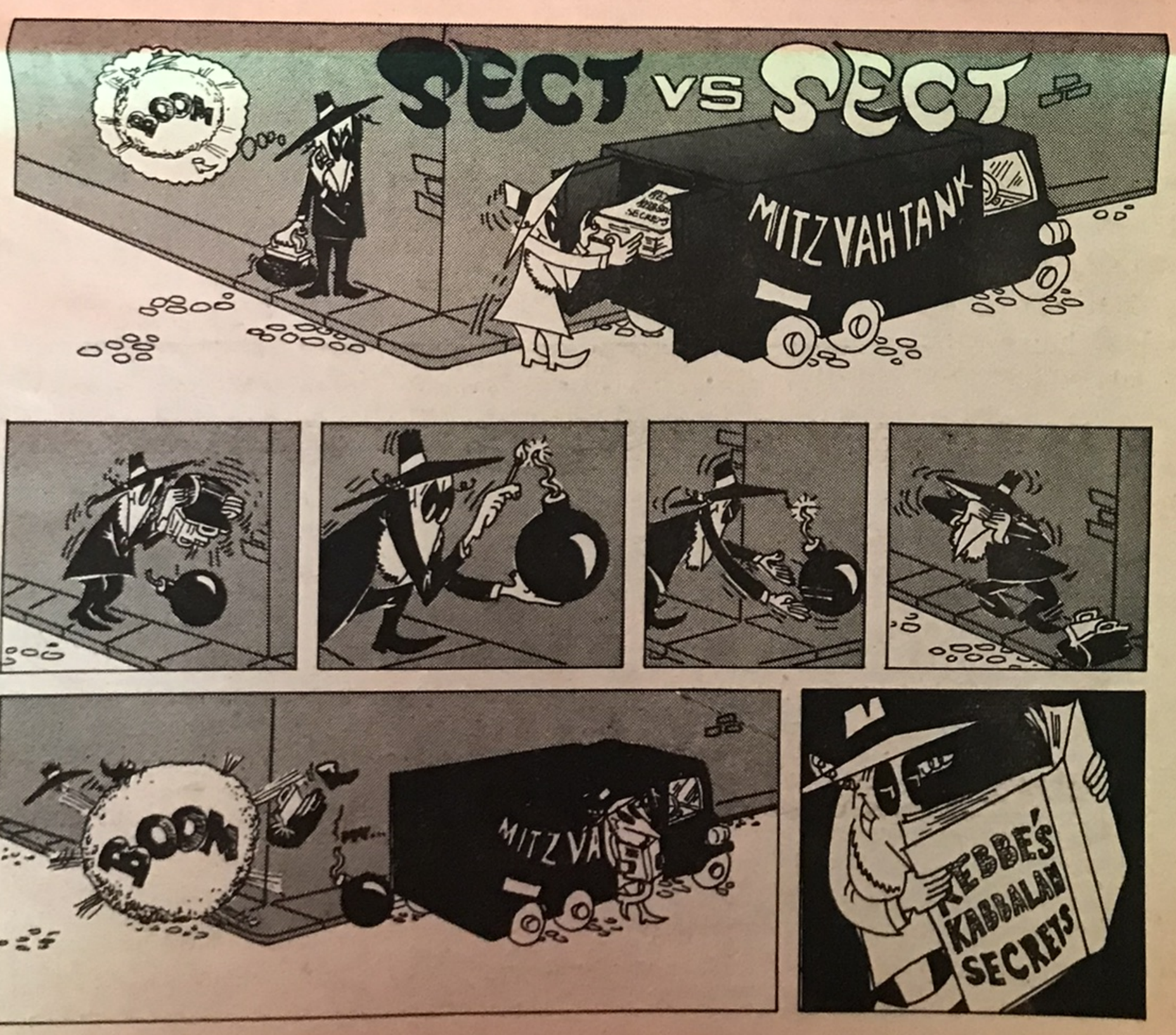
NEW TALES OF RABBI AKIBA

by Feelman & Spine



NOT JEWISH PRESS

BURN OUT

by David Martinson

Well, it's been another exciting period in the Jewish world of the arts. Speaking of arts, Art Toupeeman, famous Jewish deejay and raconteur was seen eyeing the beautiful belly dancer at the Boo-Boo. He was all decked out and drinking his free cup of coffee in his $100 outfit from the Male Shop consisting of 2 sports jackets, 3 pairs of pants, 4 ties, 7 shirts, 5 pairs of socks, a raincoat and 3 digital watches.

I've just returned from Cambodia where I saw some of the greatest talent around. The performance of the Leper Colony Chavura was a high point of my visit. This group of 34 & 2/7 talented performers, led by Lefty Horowitz, really deserves a hand. They literally put body and soul into an evening of high spirited music, song, and wobbling. Their hit single, "If I Forget Thee Jerusalem May My Right Hand Wither" from the album of the same name, was a show stopper. Many thought that this group wouldn't have a leg to stand on, but their talent stumped the expert. Look for their new album, *Flesh of My Flesh* on Regal Achad Records, due out in September. Included is the new disco-blues single "Nobody Knows The Tzaras I've Seen", old copies available from me.

In New York an exciting new act has hit the scene. Israeli Kabbalist Jazz Impressionist Shalom Yeladim is packing them in at the Cafe Zohar in the Village. Yeladim, whose style is reminiscent of Shabbatai Zvi and Charlie Mingus, is a total performer.

Speaking of talent, did you ever wonder why so many of the performers in this column have names like Arik, Mati, Shimmi, Duddu, Di Di, Zazi, Zishi, Muffy and Bambi? So have I.

Nobody does it better than the Yokahama Pirchei in this month's major tour of Three Mile Island, PA, Mt. St. Helens, WA and the Love Canal, New York. These Samuri Sweeties will delight one and all with their hits which include a remake of Eurovision hit, "Harrer-ruyah!" To buy records call me.

That wonderful Afro-Israeli duo, Magumbo, will be opening at Moshe Congo for Alex Haley and the Comets with their famous hit, "Kunta Kinte's Nigun." Call me for tickets.

Hanan Hanan, the King of Biblical Comedy, will appear for forty days and forty nights at the Kosher Mathematical Eatery, La Differential. According to Murry Gleason, manager of La Differential (only 4 blocks from X^2), Hanan has a whole new act and has paid his debt to society. Old timers will be happy to know that Reb, the Rubber chicken, is still in the act, joined this time by a cardboard lamb called Pesach. What a wit this man has. They may have taken three years from him at Rikers, but they couldn't take his finely honed sense of humor. Tickets available from my uncle, S.D. Jr.

Who was that shapely athlete seen with David Ripoff at Boy Chicks the other night? And how come athletes don't sign with me? Write and let me know.

The 666th Chassidic Folk Festival is just around the corner. Don't miss out on the instant oldies to be presented. Tickets available at my place—cash only.

Finally, the Homoflack, in keeping with its new policy, will have the return of the Plasmatics at their Seder. Wendy O. Williams will use a buzz saw to cut the Matzohs and will teach us all to snort the bitter herb—don't miss it.

Until next time—Na-hit. . . .

Jewish Museum Unveils Exciting Exhibit on the Jewish Home

With attendance records shattered by the Met's "King Tut" exhibit and the Natural History's "Gold of Eldorado," the Jewish Museum has mounted a retrospective show that stands to outstrip them both.

"The American Jewish Home: an Intimate Retrospective" promises to be the most comprehensive look at this most influential minority in the past 50 years. Fully four floors of both wings of the Jewish Museum will be devoted to this exhibit, along with films and tapes made especially for the occasion.

At a preview last week, Farley Kunst, the curator, took me through some of the rarer objects that were so carefully gathered for this major overview. "You'll not believe what I went through to get all this," sighed Kunst, "I researched thousands of Jewish homes to get this collection."

The most striking object upon entering is a collage of newspapers from the floor of a kitchen on Friday afternoons. Artfully arranged, the massive work is called "Protect the Linoleum." In the next room is the imaginative still life of couch, love seat and chairs covered in heavy plastic. This grouping has a massive integrity of its own, speaking volumes of social attainment and Veblenian achievement. Entitled "Protect the Fabric," this should prove to be the focus of the exhibit.

Downstairs in the costume institute the museum has managed to create an environment that best shows off the sartorial splendor of the woman. By maintaining a room temperature of above eighty degrees and cleverly aiming blasts of icy air at shoulder level, the display of "Stoles Through the Decades" is not to be missed. Flanking the main exhibit are cases full of cashmere sweater sets and sensible shoes. In plastic boxes.

When I questioned the absence of any paintings by major Jewish artists in the area called "Guilt," I was told that there was plenty to do without getting into that. We have no shortage of guilt exhibits.

The exhibit will travel to Williamsburg in the fall.

Variety

Tired of the same old weekend? Try Tues. — Thurs.

Tribute To Righteous Gentiles Published

JTA (but exclusive to WNJP)—The Teamsters Union of Congregations of the Hebrew America Society and T.U.C.H.A.S. president Alexander Shander announced today the publication of a tribute to the Righteous Gentiles, those who bravely stood up to the Nazis and their mad extermination plans for the Jews of Europe. Now, for the first time, a complete list of all the Righteous Gentiles has been made available. The list is printed in a bold caligraphic type on a standard size post card.

The Wizard of Iz

Editor's Note: The wonderful tale told in each of these five chapters will become the Bible of children's literature for Cholov Yisroel guzzlers everywhere, who will love the exciting adventures down the Yellow Journalism Road to Eretz Iz.

Chapter One opens with a phrase of stunning originality: "In the Beginning G-d created Judy Garland . . ." and then goes on with a charming description of Gan Eden that would make "Better Bayis and Gardens" chalish with envy.

A frum little girl named D'vorathy, went looking for a good buy on apples at Mr. Snake's Health Food Store. But she finds that the snake has received an eviction notice from his Landl-rd.

Chapter II

Adventure abounds when a bi-i-i-g rain threatens to ruin the weather in Miami Beach. The flood will cover the Yellow Journalism Road and D'vorathy won't know how to get to the Land of Iz. "I'm all washed up," moaned the little tsadekess. Realizing that D'vorathy may never make it to chapter five, a nice old man named Noah said, "Come with me into my houseboat. Hashem, in His kindness, decreed that there will be a hurricane season so that His children won't waste their money coming down here in September when New York ain't all that cold yet." Noah explained that he must take on board two of every species including cowardly lions who sing about "courage," straw people, tin woodchoppers and two dogs from a Barcelona singles weekend, one whose name was "Dodo." It rained for 40 days and 40 nights and then Noah sent out a Dove-Dove to see if dry land appeared, which it did not. D'vorathy concluded that the Lord of Iz must still be only "Somewhere over the Rainbow."

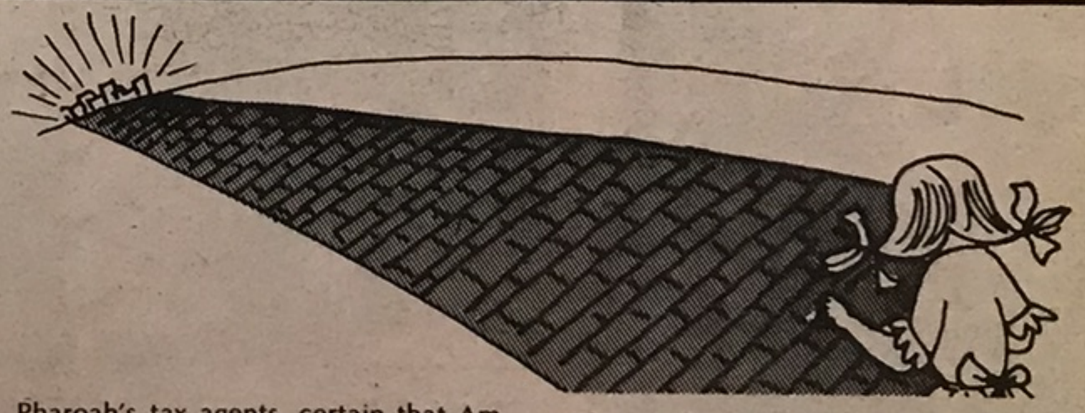
In Chapter III D'vorathy meets up with Avraham Avinu, who is out to "make some souls in Charan." Upon discovering that they have a common bond, frumkeit, they quickly become friends.

Meanwhile, the wicked witch of the Mizrach kidnaps Abraham's nephew, Lox. Her band of militarist Edomite terrorists sends ransom notes to the rich uncle Avraham, threatening that Lox will be sent off to a life of perpetual boredom in Kansas if Avraham doesn't come through with a big contribution to the Fund for Freeing the 12 Spies.

By hiring the three Charlie's Angels, Lox is saved in the nick of time, just as he was to sail off on a block of salty bagel. Once again, truth and justice win. The witch, it turns out in the end, was not such a bad kid—just very misunderstood with a lot of family problems. But D'vorathy still hadn't reached the land of Iz.

Chapter IV

Hearing of a nice Jewish neighborhood in Goshen, D'vorathy took the Joseph Brothers Canaan-to-Egypt Caravan. When she arrived D'vorathy found that all the Jews were hard at work building Amway pyramids. Realizing that she must be in Golus, she made a tunnel into the Red Sea with Amway's miraculous Water-Stain Remover.



Pharoah's tax agents, certain that Amway is the only tax paying company there is, interprets D'vorathy's rejection of Amway as guilt of income tax evasion and pursues hot on her trail. Thus, as history precludes, Hashem closed the sea on Pharoah's agents in punishment for their belief that Amway, and not God, gets stains out.

Chapter V

Korach and his rebels fall into a hole in the earth. D'vorathy mistakes the opening for an entrance to the Sixth Avenue subway to the diamond district and follows suit. Seeing no graffiti and hearing no ghetto blasters, she realizes her mistake. The rebels on the other hand, are being punished by G-d, who is sending them directly to the 47th Street diamond district in a falling market. Through intense faith and prayer, D'vorathy is saved from almost certain bankruptcy.

Finally, D'vorathy makes it to the Land of Iz. She finds that there is no Wiz in Iz and finally grows up and marries a boy from a nice family, who spends his days sitting under a fig tree learning torah. D'vorathy, of course, is barren as are all sainted women in the holy writ and dedicates her life to building the first Yiddish ulpan in Israel.

REEKING OF BOOKS

By Isaac Nonsensome

Guest Reviewer: Mendel the Book Peddler
The Big Jewish Catalogue
Stressfelt, Gross and Chinsy
Jewish Publicity Society of America
$30 soft cover, $20 hard sell

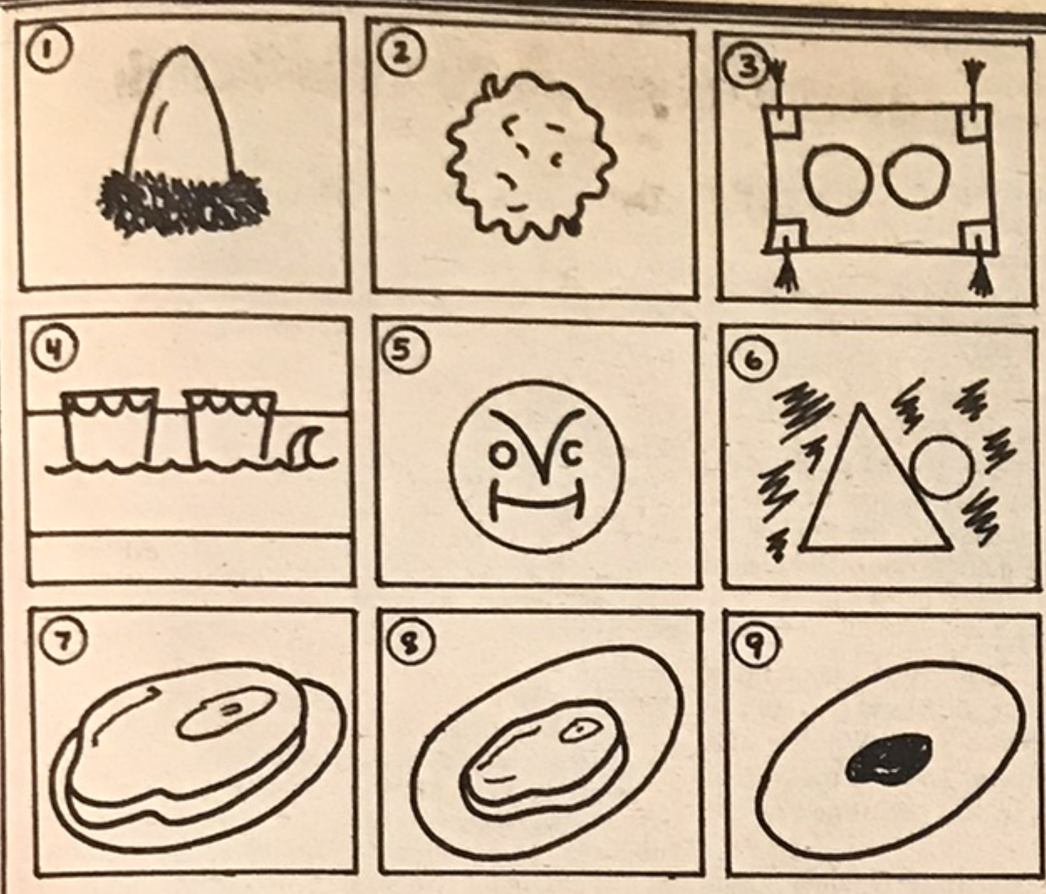
This is another spun-off How-To book, when what we really need is a How-Come. The first section contains the nine questions people ask about Jews, such as: 1) Why do Jews, who run the media, give themselves such bad press? 2) Just what is the MPG on those deisel Toyota engines that Jews install in their Cadillacs? and 3) What are the ten most unusual death bed requests posed to women rabbis?

The major portion of this parve coffee table book contains rituals for Jewish life, wash, and rinse cycles. My favorites are the meaningful ceremonies for divorces and breakups which include gifts like a season's pass to Rabbi Risking's Wednesday night lectures.

The editors of this mishmash must have been auditioning for *Not The Jewish Press.*

fun Page

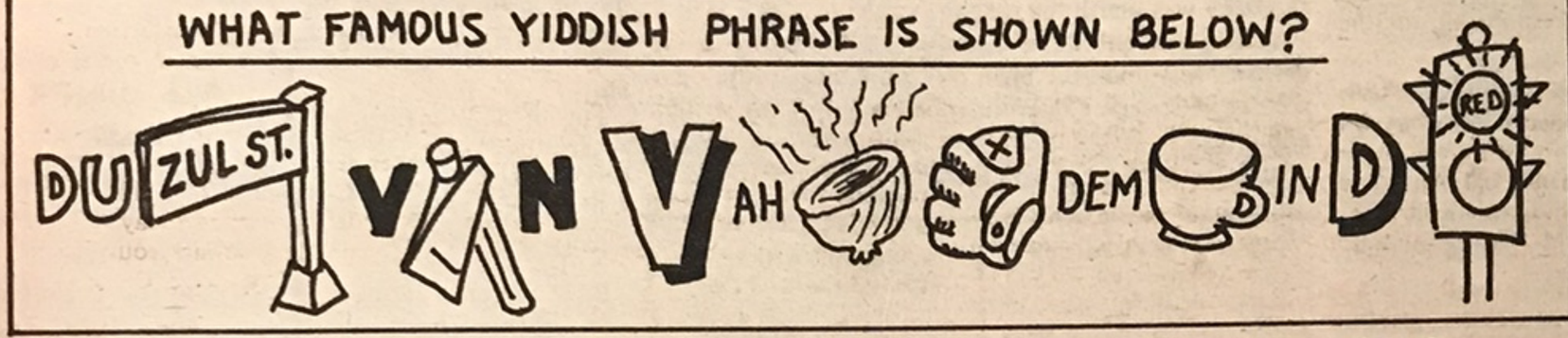
CAN YOU GUESS WHAT THESE ARE?



ANSWERS

① A SHTRIEMEL FOR A CONE HEAD ② A $2 ESROG ③ TZITZIS FOR SIAMESE TWINS ④ AN ELEPHANT GOING TO THE MIKVAH ⑤ SYMBOL OF THE VAD HARAGONIM OF OKLAHOMA CITY OKLAHOMA ⑥ A BIG TRIANGLE WITH A LITTLE CIRCLE AND LOTS OF SQUIGGLY LINES ⑦ A $7 STEAK IN A TRAIF RESTAURANT ⑧ A $7 STEAK IN A KOSHER RESTAURANT ⑨ A $7 STEAK IN A GLATT KOSHER RESTAURANT.

WHAT FAMOUS YIDDISH PHRASE IS SHOWN BELOW?

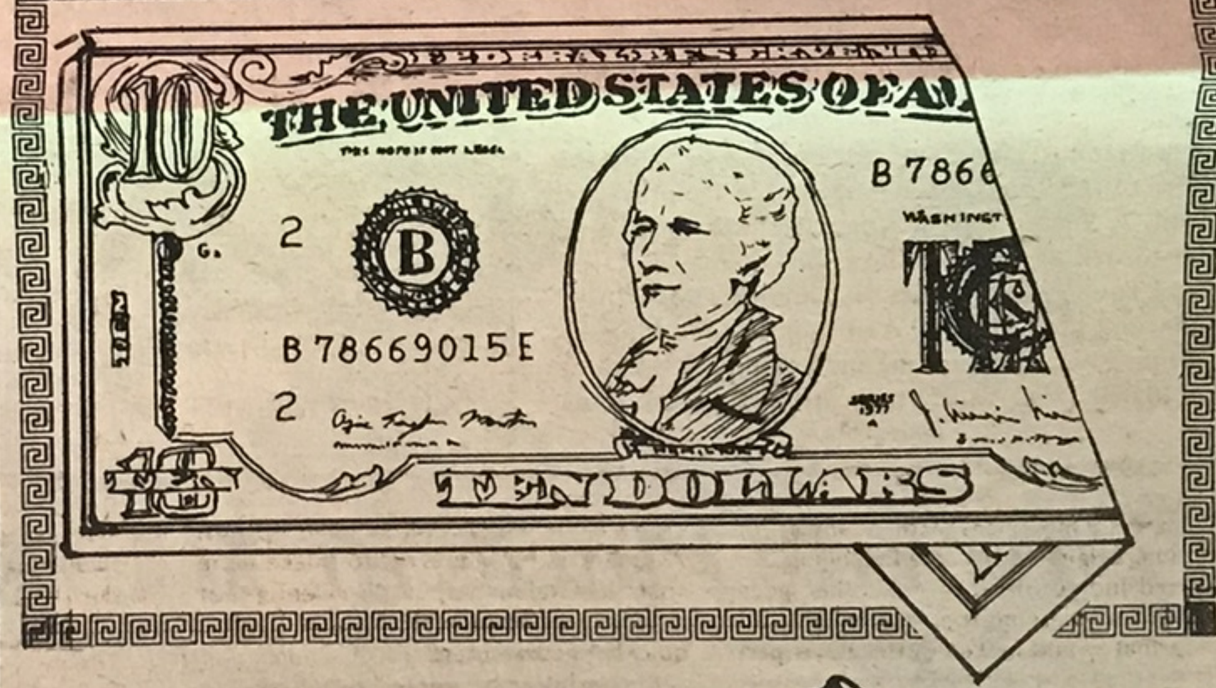


"DU ZULST VAXEN VI AH TZIBELEH MIT DEM KOP IN DE ERED!"

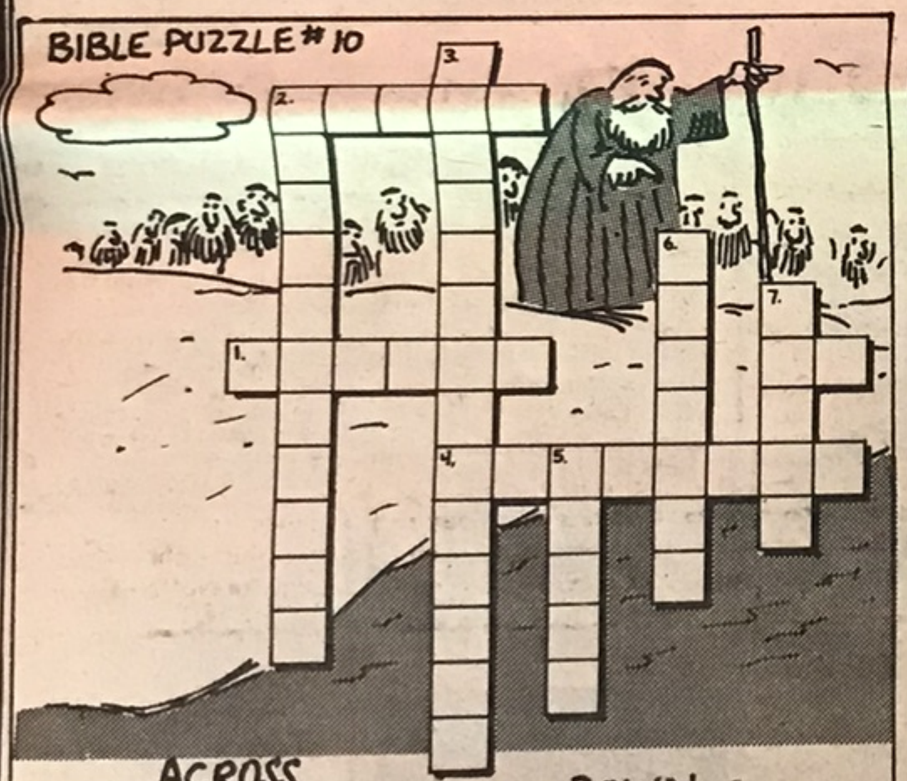
MY PURIM COLORING BOOK

Purim Gelt

A tradition for centuries.
Not everybody can have Purim Gelt but now everyone can color it.



BIBLE PUZZLE #10



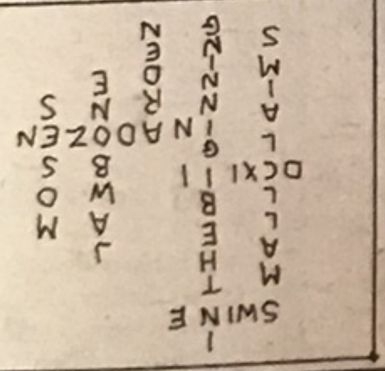
ACROSS

1. THE NUMBER OF MITZVOS IN THE TORAH ___ (ROMAN)
2. A DISGUSTING ANIMAL THAT'S NOT KOSHER.
4. EVERY JEW KNOWS THERE ARE 12 _____

DOWN

2. THE BOOK OF "JUDGES" DEALS WITH
3. WHERE IN GENESIS IS BASEBALL MENTIONED
5. "EVE'S" LAST NAME
6. SAMSON GRABBED A PIECE OF ASS CALLED
7. "_____" HAD A HEADACHE AND TOOK 2 TABLETS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE #10



NEXT WEEK BIBLE PUZZLE #11

KRAZY KHADAFI

SLOWLY BRING THE DOT TOWARDS YOUR NOSE & YOU'LL SEE KHADAFI GET WHAT HE DESERVES.

Social Register

Engagements

A big Muzzle Tov to Benjy Etkin upon his engagement to Yenta Gross. A special muzzle goes to Sara Leah the grandmother who will be talking about this for years.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Springer of Stamford, Conn. announce the engagement of the Blue Room at the Aperion Plaza for the eventual marriage of their daughter, Phyliss, may it come speedily and in our day.

Yachad Singles group would like to announce the engagement of Shimmie Resistowitz of West 86th Street. Shimmie succumbed to his callah after a lengthy courtship. He is survived by a two-year lease and his roommates, Yoni, Marty and Yossie. Services will be held at Lincoln Square Synagogue.

A hearty Mazel Tov to Sheeba the lead singer of Queen upon her engagement to Solomon of the King family; her second, his 58th.

Congratulations to Heather O'Connell and Tony Binnelli. (*Not the Jewish Press* is not responsible for the Kashruth of its advertisers.)

Mr. and Mrs. Chaim Kaputnik would still like to announce the engagement of their daughter Irma but are still looking.

Mr. and Mrs. Shuleiman Jordache and Mr. and Mrs. Shabtai Sasson, both of Damascus, Tel Aviv and Brooklyn, are happy to announce the joining of their lines in the upcoming Sassache family.

Mr. and Mrs. Zalman Lubarsky of Crown Heights proudly announce the engagement of their son Shneur to Sprintza Shvartz of Williamsburg. A mixed marriage is planned.

Marriages

A Hearty Yasher Koach to Chaim Senderove upon his ending the suspense and marrying Fraida Rosenberg of the 13th Avenue Pizza Shop. A special Mazel Tov to *Mr. Rosenberg, who agreed to take Chaim into his business.*

A big Mazel Tov to Mr. and Mrs. Tevye upon the marriage of their daughter Huddle to the Tailor Mottel Kamzoil. A Special Yasher Koach to Lazar Wolf who took it so well and catered the affair.

Mazel Tov to Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew Moskowitz and Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Aaronson II upon the wedding of their children Caroline and Sidney. The wedding cost $40,000 from which the caterer received about $25,000 with $2,000 going to the photographer, $3,000 to the band, $5,000 for the kiddish and the balance going to the Rabbi, tuxedo rental and plane fare for the relatives.

A speical Mazel Tov to the Florist who also made out rather well.

Anniversaries

Mazel Tov to Jacob Isaacson and Rachel Labarov upon the 14th anniversary of their engagement.

Heartiest wishes of Mazel Tov to Ward and June Cleaver of Shaker Heights upon their 40th anniversary. A special Mazel Tov to Wally and Beaver.

Mazel Tov to Sheldon Patodrink of Los Angeles, California and Sheila Brodsky of Queens, New York upon their 30th wedding anniversary. The couple attributes the longevity of their marriage to their special arrangement.

Births

Mazel Tov to the Windsors, Charles and Diana, upon the birth of a son, Melech. Special Mazel Tov to the grandparents Malka Elizabeth and Philip Windsor and to the great grandmother Victoria. The bris took place at the Buckingham Shteeble and was performed by the Mohel of Canterburry.

Congratulations to Dr. Morris Friedman upon delivering a 5½ lb. baby boy for $2,000. You might say the baby was worth his weight in gold.

A long awaited Mazel Tov to the Editors of *Not the Jewish Press* upon the birth of a satirical parody; their second. A special Congratulations to all of the writers and artists as well as their wives, husbands, boy and girl friends for putting up with them for the past few weeks.

Natural Resources

Did you know that if every Israeli shaliach in America went home it would end Israel's human resource shortage.

RABBI ABRAHAM J. SCHMEKLAHR, MOEL
Circumcision—$150, no tips
Serving the Upper West Side since 1961
Tel. OR7-211

ATARIWITZ
Home Video Computer Games
Announces New Cartridges for Purim
Cholent Blast
Illegal Alien Assault
Shabbos Invaders
Mitzvah Command
Tax Evaders
MATCH YOUR WITS WITH ATARIWITZ

SHE & HE

(Continued from Page 8)

You will find out how to get in touch with her. If she had ulterior motives in meeting you then she certainly would still be interested in talking with you.

He:

She, you ignorant slut. This girl would die first before having any desire in meeting a nut like you. I'm sure in your line of work you'll get a chance to meet someone. Use your influence; why not import a Polish bricklayer or something for yourself?

Dear She & He

I don't know what to do. I'm a sixteen year old girl and I was seeing this guy, you know, and suddenly after two dates he broke off with me. I can't understand it. We were doing so well, he even took me to Bernstein's and introduced me to Colonel Sanders behind the counter.

She:

First of all, your letter was not specific enough. Going to Bernstein's is no indication as to how serious the boy is. Ask yourself these questions:

A. Did he order Chinese?
B. Did he order for two?
C. Did he pay?

He:

At your age don't take things to heart. Remember Chinese proverb: Better a little heartache at Schmulke's than a big stomach ache.

* * *

Congratulations are in order to Larry Burg who attended his 2,318th consecutive Le'Juda dance, creating a new lifetime career mark. In this time span, Larry has collected 4,712 phone numbers, averaging over two numbers per scene. This is no easy feat considering it is the same ten girls who attend every dance. So, hats off to Larry.

Singles

(Continued from Page 8)

louder. "Hmm," he pondered, "sounds like someone's dying."

Suddenly, two guys in white with funny little caps dashed in with a stretcher between them, calling out, "Where is he? Where is he?"

An animated Ida dashed up screaming and pointed to Ken. "It's him, it's him!"

Ken looked in horror, for he now understood, as he squirmed, "Oh no, you can't mean. . . ."

One of the Hatzala chevra looked into his eyes and said, "Yes, Bongo," as he put a chloroformed handkerchief over Ken's face. "It's off to personality school for you." The mission was a complete success.

Gentlemen, next week read about how you can use your beeper to excuse yourself from a bland date.

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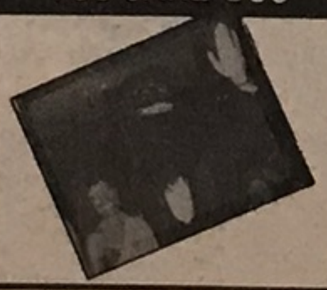
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Meet Our K'tanim

(lessor sages)

HARAV HAGAON MECHEL TZIPPENBERG B.L.T.
The DimLight of Grepps

It was good news indeed on the 13th day of Teveth, 5663 (1903) when the shammas ran to the town square, "Unto us a child is born!" The elder Rebbe of Grepps, the revered Shmuel Tzeppinberg, the Laser of Lithuania, had given up hope of siring a child. But as luck had it, the sainted rebbitzen had taken the waters at Baden-Baden for the past year and, miraculously, had borne a fine, red-headed son. The joy was to be short-lived for the dark-haired Rebbe. No sooner had the child learned to speak and had eaten two years worth of his mother's starchy, heavy meals, when he expressed a desire to study cooking for the rest of his life and keep his health and digestive system intact. The aging rabbi was stunned. He had wanted his son to be a talmud Chacham or at least study medicine or law and make something of himself.

Alas, the son was adamant. However, the elder Rebbe struck upon a brilliant solution to his problem. He enrolled his son in the most renowned yeshiva of all, the Beit Medrash K'Tanah of Grepps, and put him in the care of its revered Rosh Yeshivah, the Brisket Rav. Having gained his eminence in the difficult field of ritually cured beef and lesser delicatessen, the Brisket Rav put the young Mechel through his tried-and-true daily ritual of study, prayer and sandwich preparation.

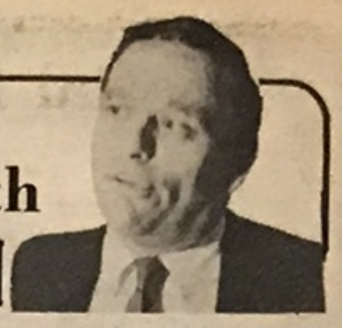
The regimen worked. After a few short years the rebbe sent the now-wiser Mechel back to his own home with the sage advice that was to guide Mechel for the difficult years to come: "Above all remember—lean is good but a little fat never hurt anybody."

Back in Grepps the violent winds of change had swept through the town, leaving no sacred stone unturned. Could the newly returned heir-apparent to the pulpit of Greeps meet the challenge of the enlightenment? Rallying the more comfortable townspeople to his side, Reb Mechel opened a small combination deli-and-beit medrash in a seedy part of town and proceeded to bring the 20th century to Grepps. His task was not to be an easy one.

At first the curiosity seekers came to observe what the upstart would do. With a deft hand Reb Mechel dispensed advice, insight and a very well-crafted hot pastrami sandwich on rye, lean with a sour pickle on the side. The response was immediate and harsh. Could a rebbe sustain a place where Torah was dispensed side by side with delicatessen? The question was not an easy one to dismiss. After much fasting and self-examination the rebbe emerged with a decision which would earn him the title, The Dim Light of Grepps. He would no longer dole out mere deli alongside Torah. No! he would add a full line of soups and desserts as well as a selection of eight sweet malagas. With this brilliant leap of faith, the Rebbe assumed his rightful place as the heir to the Brisket Rav's place in the pantheon of fleishige greats.

Inside Straight — EYES INWARD

By Judah Black



Glatt Kosher Fact or Myth

"לביבמזרח אבל כספי בניו יורק"

Part of a lecture given gevoer the Chelmzer Alumni Association annual dinner and farbrengen at the Chaim Shanghai Dairy Cambodian Restaurant.

The facts: The problem confronting thousands of concerned Jews today is that a personal dedication to the Kedusha Lifnim Meshuras Hadin (doing beyond the letter of the law) can lead to alienation from the Tzibur when the less concerned take the easier path to fulfilling one of the most important Mitzvot: that of Kashrut!

First, what is GLATT kosher and what isn't? Many authorities feel that quiche lorraine as served in many restaurants is definitely not Glatt and certainly Steak Diane with a bernaise sauce is not. This we learn from the famous story where the SAINTED Reb Kumzitz of Krocjmal went to see the Duke. When offered dinner by the Duke the Rebbe was told it was Steak DIANE with sauce bernaise. The Rebbe declined since a few moments earlier he had eaten a pasta in cream sauce and was FLEISHIG. So too we can assume that Steak Diane is not Glatt though many fine foods are.

Fact: The so-called "NOUVELLE CUISINE" has been around for many decades in other disguises and never was or never could be considered GLATT. Avraham Avinu when he rushed to get "TZEDAH LADERECH" for the three angels had little time to properly cook the food and thus served up almost RAW food with some fruit sauce and got not only compliments from the angels but a son to boot! But GLATT? No way Jose, to quote the sephardic chief Rabbi. Other examples abound with the well-known saying, "Boree Veshema, Boree Adif" suggesting the obvious rule-of-thumb that when confronted by a dish that you're CERTAIN IS NOT GLATT like clams casino vis-a-vis a dish that MAY JUST BE GLATT like noodle kugel A'la Grecque, then surprisingly enough, ignore the rule and go for the kugel. Thus we see THE MYTH of rigidity of Sacred HALACHA is grossly overestimated and can be flexible when logic declares such a need.

Next week I will discuss two critical issues that have become INYANEI DICHALUKAH DAYOT in recent months. One is of major concern to friends who persist in eating aluminum foil that is broiled on plain salmon in STAMM restaurants and the other is the question of carrying so-called KEY-TIE PINS which fool no one! Several Roshei Yeshivot have grappled with these and I'll share their illuminating Sevarot with you next week.

YOUTH RAMBLES ON

by Dr. Moreless Mundane

Dear Dr. Mundane,

Until the recent recession my father was a fairly wealthy man and because I had such a big allowance my chavrusa was such a good friend and no wonder! I treated him to candy and ice cream, I let him ride my Honda motorbike and bought him care packages that his family was too poor to afford. Alas and alack, our family's circumstances have worsened to the point that I can no longer bestow these benefits and (wouldn't you know!) my chavrusa left me for another. I'm so disillusioned with life and I'm only 14! I was true blue; whenever he needed a friend I was there. When I need a candy, who is there for me to turn to? I never asked for a thing for myself. I was a paragon of self-sacrifice and tsidkuss. That's all changed now. My chavrusa is gone. Along with him went my trust and faith in deep, close, interpersonal relationships. I'm so depressed and feel life is so fickle and hopeless. I am yearning to meet a new chavrusa who could restore my romantic notion that a deep, meaningful relationship with another 13 or 14 year old boy is possible, independent of my allowance. Until I do, I can never be completely happy. I'm hoping you will be instrumental in finding me another chavrusa. My mashgiach won't since I stopped bringing him candy canes. True Blue Beryl.

Answer

What ever happened to Tzedakah? You are admittedly a rich kid who's fortunate enough to be able to help your fellow students gain those extra calories, so important to the growth of yeshiva boys. Now when you go home and visit your folks why don't you go to your daddy's wallet, take out all of the Tamehdika green stuff and send it to me, Moreless Mundane, and I'll get you all the candy you need.

Dear Dr. Mundane:

I live in a terrible neighborhood. Members of a certain ethnic group beat me sadistically. They take my money, bash my brains in, chase me down the street with a knife. My parents won't do anything because they believe New Yorkers shouldn't get involved. I'm constantly bruised. They knocked out three teeth already. My face has more colors than a Picasso. Every time I go to school I cringe. Last time it was a baseball bat. Time before it was a rolled up Jewish Observer. Where they got it I'll never know. My emotional needs are not being met. My life has become a bundle of sorrow. Do you have any pearls of wisdom to lift my downtrodden spirits? Punching Bag.

(Continued on Page 20)

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"Of course, I don't resent them, but Fala does resent them." (FDR)

FDR NEEDS YOUR HELP

We all remember when FDR was able to visit us in our own communities, to bring us his very special message. Alas, FDR is no longer able to come to us, so we must come to him in this time of need. This past January a terrible fire nearly destroyed the Roosevelt home in Hyde Park, an institution dedicated to the service and edification of us all.

Dear friends, FDR needs our help now! Show FDR that you appreciate all that he has done for us.

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Dear FDR,

Yes, I remember, and yes, I want to help. Enclosed is my contribution of $_____ to help preserve Hyde Park.

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Financial Aid and Tax Deferments

by Asher Liebfraumilch
C.P.A. M.I.C. K.E.Y. M.O.U.S.E.

Are you a small business man with little to invest? If so, forget this column, I don't need you. However, if you are in a 60-70% tax bracket, have I got a plan for you. Announcing the Asher Liebfraumilch I.R.A. Account (I Respect Asher). For only $2,000 a month I will personally launder and fold your money and place it in the most useful possible program—my retirement fund. Remember, this account *is* tax deductible when you reach the age of 127.

Looking for an investment in high tech? Try COMSITZ, a new Communications Sitational Satellite going public early next month. COMSITZ, a wholly owned subsidiary of The Empire Corporation, will transmit both television programs and weather information via microwave.

While a programming schedule is yet to be devised, the microwave transmissions are already being used to grill chickens, turkeys, and an occasional small child. This is a *growth stock with unlimited potential*—remember, you heard it here first.

Tax Tip: Claim me as a deduction—send $5.00 for details.

Until next time remember, a penny saved here and a penny saved there will give you two pennies.

A Puzzling Pushke

Dear Mr. Liebfraumilch,

Recently I was audited by the IRS over a charitable deduction, not itemized, of $48,329. I explained that we are a very orthodox family with many children and we each put money in the pushke every shabbos and it adds up. Being busy with many other INYANIM, I failed to keep receipts but I have several empty pushkes that I could show. What should I do?

Answer: Even though I am certain all of the claimed amount is a legitimate charitable deduction, the IRS can be very Medakdake in their desire for documentation. This is perhaps anti-Semitic but hard to prove. I suggest you contact the many fine organizations whose pushkes you have and ask them for receipts. Failing this, how did you send all the money to the worthy recipients—by check? Money-order? Surely you have copies, so the problem is solved.

Dear Mr. Liebfraumilch,

Because of business reasons I keep several sets of books in case of fire or theft, G-d forbid, and recently when asked by the IRS to furnish some back-up data, my secretary, may she have a large boil appear on her nose, gave them the "wrong" set. What do you suggest I do since there is some discrepancy between that set and the data in my return?

Answer: I would suggest Tehillim, capitlach 36, 74 and 143.

Dear Mr. Liebfraumilch,

I'd like to remodel my house. Do you have any suggstions where I might get a loan with a low interest rate?

Answer: The cheapest loan on the market that I know of is to ask your shver (father-in-law). If he's in a "cash" business like mine, then you will be doing him a service by helping him launder his money.

Dear Mr. Liebfraumilch,

Friday before shabbos I lower my thermostat by four degrees. Why? On shabbos the family eats my wife's chulent. Somehow we keep warm a whole shabbos. Can we take the cost of the chulent as an energy credit?

Chulent Fresser

Dear Chulent Fresser,

Your question is most intriguing. I checked the IRS manual. I found no reference to chulent as qualifying for an energy credit. I queried the IRS directly and they have asked that you send them a sample of this energy saving device. My advice to you is don't. However, take heart. If you keep eating this powerful dish you will shortly be eligible for a disabled dependent care credit.

For the Truly Guilt Ridden: May 1 to 31—This is only for our readers who make their money in cash. The IRS has set aside this thirty-one day period in which you can, without penalty, surrender your unreported cash!

What to do if you are audited: If you are audited you have two alternatives:

1. Flee the country—my sources at the IRS tell me that this only works if you do not plan to return.
2. Carefully plan your appearance for the day of the audit. Do not shower for a week before the audit. The morning of the audit take a bath in vinegar and eat two onions for breakfast. The audit won't last too long!

PAIN IN THE WEBER

FINANCIAL REPORT

On the stocking exchange this week, Harold's Hosiery will merge with Levine's Lingerie to form Pinkas' Pantyhose. Their merger came during a period when underwear had been going down while diapers were experiencing healthy growth.

The ten most active stocks this week on the New York Exchange were:

Chutzpah Enterprises	up 1.00
The Daily Forward	unchanged
National Yeshiva Tuitions	up 3½
Frum Families Cooperatives	down 3¼
Yeshiva Business Machines	down ½
Jewish Fundraisers, Inc.	up 2
Jewish Divorce Group	up 2½
Israel Aliyah Corp	down 3
Consolidated Slums	up 1¼
Pioneer Fire & Casualty	down 1¼

•Over the counter Torahs are a hot issue but this is expected to be a temporary condition. •Trading was stopped on *Jewish Press* stock awaiting their reaction to a Purim newspaper that appeared today. Most analysts expect a positive or at least noncommital reaction to bring the stock up.

•Lubavich, Inc. was attempting a takeover of "Russian Immigrants Are Us" but resistance is being encountered from several factions of the board. •Israel Pushkas, Ltd., an old penny stock, was doing well until rumors of the bottom falling out pushed the stocks to a record low.

•Shatnes, Inc. was down in mixed trading and according to analysts may be hanging by a thread.

•The Israeli Government announced today that for the fifth time this year everything has gone up.

•Trading on the Amex was mixed so everyone waited 'til the women got back behind the mechitzah.

•On the Comex, Gold was down $10 when rumors of Mrs. Gold suing for divorce spread. Silver hit a new high today but details are hazy.

Remember, whether stocks are up or down they're always a Pain in The Weber.

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WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR?

DEAR READER,

Maybe you don't. But if you do . . . come to my house Tuesday night, okay? No, I can't tell you what it's for exactly. Don't worry, it's a million dollar corporation. It's the fastest growing unmentionable company in America. Oh, come on, you owe it to yourself. No, it's not illegal. No, it's not dangerous. No, I will never, never tell you until you come over to my house. Listen, you can take off the gas you put in your car to come to this meeting as a business expense. Bring your wife and you can pay her a tax deductible salary as your secretary. Bring your ten-month-old baby and you can pay hime a salary as a consultant.

Don't laugh. It's been tried in court and upheld. I'm not sure exactly where, but it has. Lots of people have tried to stop us. The IRS has tried. The government has tried. But they can't.

What? How did you guess?! Okay, you're right. We're Sub-Shleppers in FRUMWAY—the world's largest interpersonal kosher products distribution plan. Maybe you've read our book, "The Impractical Dream." But do you understand how our profit plan works?

Let's take a look at the chart.

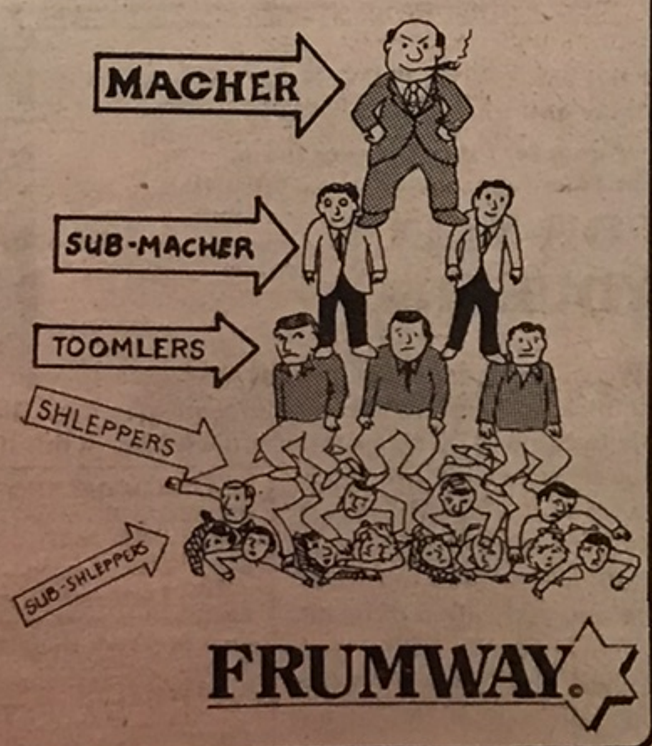
Here's how others have found success in Frumway.

The Sub-Shleppers run around until two in the morning begging their friends to buy our stuff because the Shlepper kept them up until three in the morning the night before convincing them to buy. Because the Toomler came to his house that weekend and refused to leave until he agreed to. Because the Sub-Macher made him believe that if he did he'd become as rich as the Macher who nobody ever sees. Because he's always vacationing on the Frumway yacht.

Don't tell me you're not a salesman, I know you can do it. Just be sincere. That's the Frumway secret. Whether you mean it or not, be sincere.

So, what are you waiting for? I'm telling you, doctors do it. DOCTORS! Of course, their doctorates are in things like medieval poetry and Yiddish theatre, but they're still doctors.

So come over, okay? Don't forget to bring everyone from your job and all your relatives. What? THey've all asked you to join Frumway? See, I told you it was a well known company.



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What's the Halacha

and how to get around it.

By Harav Hagoan
C.U. Later

Question: Where is the source for Grace After Meals and how big a sin is it to skip?

Answer: Meals shouldn't be skipped for any reason, barring a fast day among peopel who know you. If you're referring to Birkas Hamazon—its source is the famous possick somewhere in the Torah which states: "Veachalta, vesavatah, ooverachtah," "You should eat, be stuffed, and bless the Lord thy G-d." How bad is it to miss the mitzvah? Well, two out of three ain't bad.

Question: When circumcising an adult who is an impoverished Russian immigrant, can the Mohel demand a large tip?

Answer: What kind of cheapskate is it who can't return the tip? The fees are already high, and inflation will keep it up. Does he have to rub it in that way?

Question: How many poles does it take to lift up a chupah?

Answer: The Gemmorrah Kiddushin does take up this problem, but there's no room for ethnic slurs or low humor in this paper.

Question: While crossbreeding is strictly forbidden in our Torah, may a Jew eat or get hana'ah (twisted pleasure) from a non-Jew's cross between a chicken and a rabbit?

Answer: Your question is nisht a hen, nisht a hare.

Question: Isn't it true that a sheitel that looks like human hair and which makes a married woman even more alluring is actually a mockery of our sages' laws of modesty?

Answer: Yes, many of our gedolim concur with your opinion, but not one of them had an interest in the lucrative wig game, or in other gedolim's wives for that matter.

Question: It is possible for a young boy carrying a sefer Torah to be counted as the tenth man in a minyan. How might a pre-Bat Mitzvah girl qualify as the tenth member of a women's minyan?

Answer: The girl should carry a possileh (dud) sefer Torah, a set of Tzenah Ve'renah, and three major credit cards.

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VIGILANTE

by
Rabbi Jack Provoke

It's time, my friends, it's time to stand up and take notice of the evil that is all around us. Day after day, letter after letter, the facts pour into the Tzimmis International mailbox from around the world.

From the state of Georgia, a reader sent a seemingly innocent eighth grade science textbook. On page 34 is a photograph of a bolt of lightening hitting the Empire State Building. A purely scientific reference? NO! ANY FOOL CAN SEE THAT TWO OF THESE BOOKS PLACED TOGETHER AND OPENED TO THAT PAGE WILL FORM A DOUBLE LIGHTENING BOLT—SYMBOL OF THE DREADED SS—HITLER'S ELITE GROUP OF HENCHMEN!

From California, a box of pick-up sticks for "children, ages 5 to 8," the photo on the box shows a group of children playing this "innocent" game. Innocent? NO! CLEVERLY CONCEALED AMONG THE DOZENS OF STICKS,IN THE LOWER LEFT HAND CORNER ARE FIVE THAT ALMOST FORM A KIND OF SWASTIKA—THE TWISTED CROSS—THE DREADED SYMBOL OF THE NAZI PARTY!

From Florida, a very observant correspondent points out that the rear end of the Volksvagen was made in the image of Hitler's face. It's true—just look the next time you pass one. The bumper looks like his mouth, the license plate like his moustache, etc. DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT—LOOK FOR YOURSELF! You'll see.

Even in this, "the greatest Jewish city in the world," a city with more Israelis than Jerusalem, there is outright, open anti-semetic propaganda. The front page, that's right my friends, the front page, of a major New York paper recently bore the photograph of a criminal. Underneath was the caption "CHILD MOLESTER FREED." Now, I don't know anything about this Mr. Freed or what he's being accused of—BUT—everyone knows that Freed is a common Jewish name, so this was tantamount to A HEADLINE SAYING "ALL JEWS ARE CHILD MOLESTERS!" I was so enraged that I threw away the newspaper without reading the rest of the article. As we say here at Tzimmis International—Don't Patronize Propaganda!

There is propaganda pleading to be patronized on the airwaves as well. A Tzimmis International member from down South reports that his local news reporter, on location in Times Square for New Year's Eve, let his true redneck colors shows. A few minutes before midnight he said, "There are thousands upon thousands of New Yorkers here. Most of them have horns. . . ." My Tzimmis International member immediately shut of his radio. Down South (where they have an item of food called "Mint Jew-lips"(we know they feel that most of New York is Jewish, and OBVIOUSLY THAT REPORTER WAS TRYING TO PAINT A PICTURE FOR HIS RADIO AUDIENCE OF THOUSANDS OF NEW YORK JEWS WITH DEVIL'S HORNS COMING OUT OF THEIR FOREHEADS LAUGHING AND DANCING AND CELEBRATING ONE MORE YEAR IN WHICH THEY CAN RUN THE BANKS AND CONTROL THE MEDIA. If you ever hear anything like this, shut your radio off immediately. Don't patronize propaganda.

One thing more. The Tzimmis International mailbox has been flooded with reports of anti-semitism in Poland. POLAND, SHMOLAND. I WILL NOT BE DIVERTED FROM MY DILIGENT EFFORTS BY THESE EXAGGERATED ACCUSATIONS. First let's worry about the evil pick-up sticks and hateful textbooks in our country. So don't hesitate to send any fact about anti-semitism in America, no matter how trivial , to Tzimmis International. No matter what it is, we'll make a Tzimmis out of it.

Oh, about that Volksvagen thing. I think it's true about Volvos also. Also some old Buicks. In fact, I saw a Datsun the other day that loked an awful lot like Martin Bormann.

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Before

After

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(formerly a dry cleaners, now an elegantly reconstructed townhouse)

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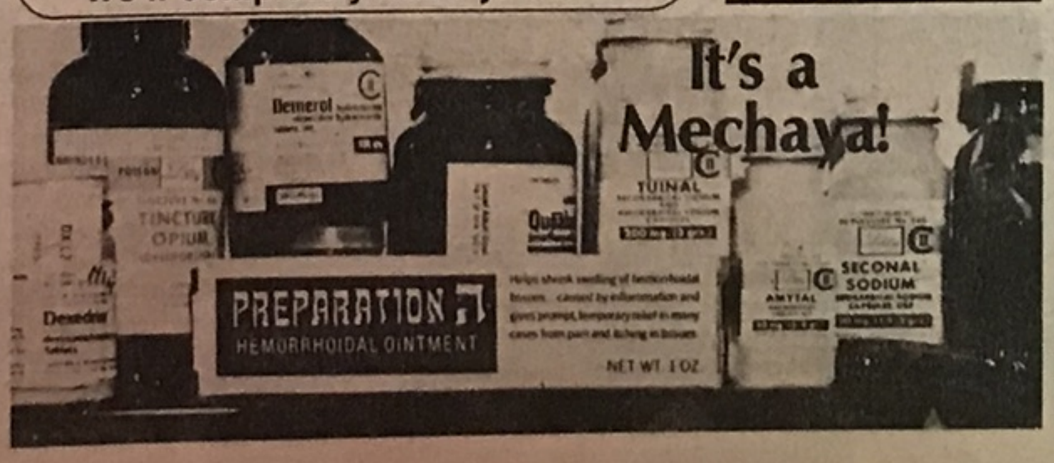
The sneaker endorsed by the Israeli National Basketball Team.
Sizes 14D-32EEE



Ark Still at Anchor as Chaos Spreads

Still waiting at anchor is the crowded houseboat of a local man, Noah Flood, who has made quite a splash with authorities by predicting the end of the world in an imminent torrential downpour to last 40 days and 40 nights. He says it's been a long time since the First Deluge, but we still haven't gotten things right. For over a week pandemonium has reigned at the boat basin where Flood has moored his escape craft, called an ark. And swarming around the scene are crowds of reporters, merchants, entrepreneurs, curiosity seekers, government officials of every stripe, and animals of every stripe and spot.

Flood has been cited by the Health, Sanitation, Environmental Protection and Police Departments and the ASPCA on 39 counts and violations, including creating a public nuisance, noise complaints, odor complaints, harboring pests, harboring exotic species, overcrowding animals, no ark permit, and kidnaping his family and holding them aboard ship.

Also seen running the dock have been officials of the city zoo having noticed that all their animals were missing, Mordecai Mizzenmast of the Shipshape Ship Shop trying to sell Flood several hundred dollars worth of gear and gadgets, an animal talent scout auditioning for Hollywood, an arkjacker wondering who would possibly pay to get such hostages back, an entrepreneur offering to turn the ark into a floating zoo and disco, and a psychiatrist from the National Institute of Mental Health questioning Flood ("God told you *what*?")

Meanwhile, the hordes of animals aboard the ark have caused some problems. They've all edged away from the two sharks, mosquitoes and vampire bats, making the ark even more crowded. Elitism spread when some of the animals avoided others for being "unclean". An unfortunate incident occurred when the lion lay down with the lamb and got up without it.

The dove kept flying out, spotting the dock and returning with olive branches. Told that they hadn't set sail in the first place, the dove sighed, "I wish I were wiser about these things." She was immediately offered an apple by the serpent. The two termites eyed the ark hungrily and were being kept appeased with sawdust from its floor.

Flood says he will set sail at any minute. This eccentric and his menagerie have given locals quite a laugh.

In other news, that little rainy spell we've been having may continue.

Rebbetzin's Point of View

By REBBETZIN ERICA JONGRICE

Dear Rebbetzen Erica Jongrice:

I am a thirty year old single orthodox male. I am considered good looking and intelligent and many say I am very much like my father, who is a prominent rabbi. My problem is that every girl I bring home to show off to my parents my mother hates. She's always got a reason whether it would be her looks, personality or yichus. One day I brought home a girl who looked, dressed and thought like my mother. My mother loved her but my father hated her. What can I do?

Perplexed

Dear Perplexed:

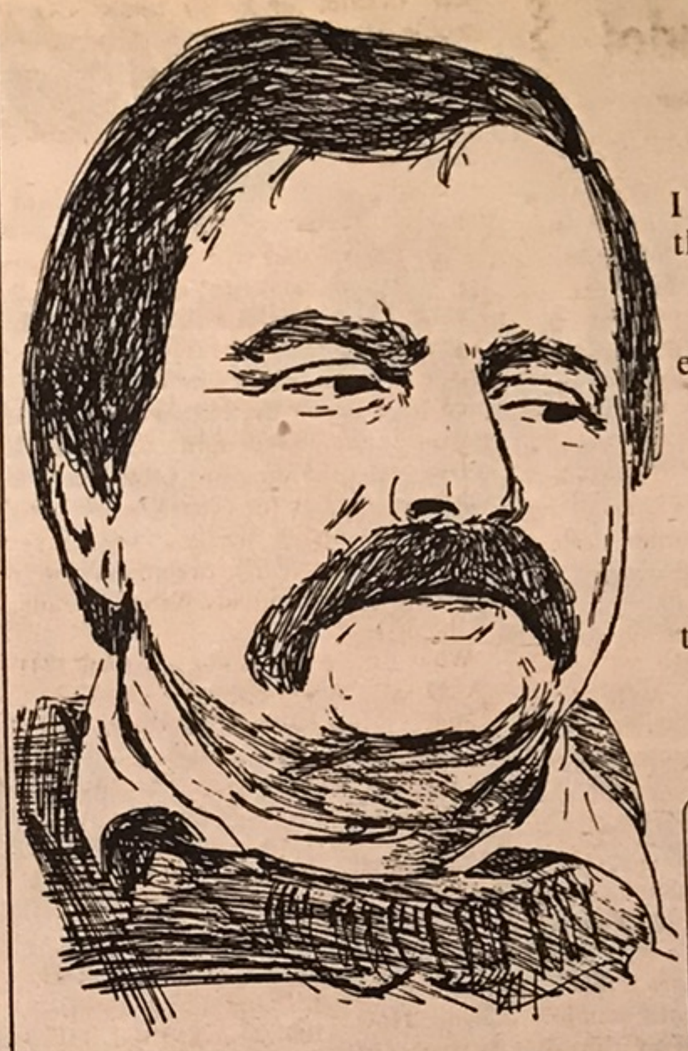
You are honoring your parents' wishes which is perhaps in the finest Jewish Tradition. It is obvious that you are having trouble satisfying both your parents and getting their blessing. I would suggest that you either wait for one of them to pass on and alleviate the problem of choice or tell them that you are bringing home a shiksa and when you show up with a nice Jewish girl they will be so relieved that they will accept almost anything you bring home.

Q. How do you handle a date who's on a different religious level? I was once taken out by a frugal and therefore cheap bum. He picked me up at my home in Crown Heights and told me we would walk to the Lower East Side for dinner at Velvel's Greasy Spoon on Essex Street. After the first walk and a greasy dinner, my stomach started to roar on the walk back. As we were passing Chinatown to get to the Manhattan Bridge, I became very queasy and I had to run into a Chinese restaurant to ask if I could use the rest room for a rest and then some. He started screaming, "Shiksa, shiksa, you're oiver morris ayin! Do it over a sewer, better!" Which one of us was behaving more religiously?

A. According to R. Yisroel Bruno MiNaples, running into a Chinese restaurant in a Jewish neighborhood where Jews could see you would be a case of morris ayin, so running into one in Chinatown where only Chinese people could have been there to say "Gee, if a Jew is going in there it must be kosher" is no issue. That's one point for you. Now he was, as you say, a frugal bum and it is a mitzva of the Torah not to be wasteful so, kvetch all you want honey, but he was perfectly justified in walking you from Brooklyn so long as he was with you for protection as you went through Red Hook. Score's tied. As it is indicated in medieval tracts, "The Tsibeleh," to barf is a clear-cut case of "ushmartem es nefshosaychem"—the Biblical injunction to preserve health and thus permits you to run into a Crusader Bar and Grill, which I believe may be translated into a modern Chinese restaurant. Two for you, one for him. You're frumer! Mazel tov, Jewish daughter.

Three Blessings Of Children

Said Rabbi Grepse of Beltcz: Three blessings come to the home with children—Increased joy, increased song, and some important tax deductions.



You know where I come from. Sometimes things get a little hairy – Union busting, food shortages, martial law, every day new surprises. That's why I carry the EXIT VISA CARD I know that as soon as the government stops following me I can escape to anywhere in the free world and never have to worry again.

EXIT VISA

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Not available in all places.

Where O'Where

by Zalmen Aryeh Hillside Ave

Jess reminds himself of his young days in yeshiva when he was still called Yosele and feels a nagging tug at his heartstrings. Naturally, those were fond, golden years, better than his frei, shegitsee life now. What a wonderful taste a good shiur left, never mind a Shabbos table with its delectable meals and sweet zmiros (religious hymns) filling every nook of Jess' being with joy. That was living! He wanted to run away and be a Top-40 star. Like any goy and a thousand other frei Jews. Maybe he should take that "U Turn of Life," return to his poor, old, forlorn, neglected, heartbroken and frum mother, pining away her days and nights for "boobaleh," "zeeskite," "her shaineh yingel." Back to those delectable meals. He can still taste that golden chicken soup. MM-MM good. and putting on Tefillin. And that wonderful feeling he used to get praying with kavana (feeling). The hearty kinship of a Kolel minyan. "Ahh." The thoughts flit in and out through Jess' mind and soul, but nebech Jess lacks the necessary initiative to make so radical a change in his life. So, he's a hot-shot Top 40 macher. So, he's a worldly, with-it, modernish guy who makes two million dollars a week. I mean, after all, what are money, fancy food, women, honor, power, recording and film contracts, world travel, a private plane, owning four mansions and a Park Avenue penthouse? What are these next to the sweetness of a blat-gemora? How can lobsters and cheeseburgers compare with ptcha and chicken shmaltz? How can a twanging guitar compare with zmiros? How can living in the Bahamas, the Riviera and Park Avenue compare with the heimish environs of Boro Park or Williamsburg? And can we compare his sexy groupies to the devoted love of a yiddishe mama? If only someone, dear reader, would be there to give him that push, Jess would return all the way. But, alas, alack, and alarm, no one pushes him and sheer momentum keeps him chained to his nebuch, purposeless, worthless, directionless, profane, meaningless, aimless, empty nothing-of-an-existence. Yosele longs and sighs and moans and yearns in anguish. He feels the outsider, a wandering, uninvited outcast and he feels like bursting into uncontrollable tears. Oh, to be a humble tailor who spends his Saturday nights in Avigdor Miller's shul with a chavrusa instead of giving rock concerts that give him 15% of ticket and popcorn sales. Every time Yosele starts for a shul he stops, sad and resentful. "Who there wants me anyway? My audience wants me. My agent loves me. But the old folks at home?" Meanwhile within him, dear reader, he wells up with hope that someone will come and help him back. But no one does. So he remains disappointed and disillusioned. Who can take Jess, nee Yosele, to task and lovingly "show him the way" back from eating treif, desecrating sabbath, neglecting his lonely old mother who, in a minute, would make him a welcome home feast of pirogen. Will some decent man grab him by the lapels, punch him out and drag him back to a life of mitsvos and ahavas Yisroel? How does he justify his existence? How will he stand before his Maker after 120 years or whenever he burns out? Yosele is waiting. He'll say "thank you, you're right." And even if he manages to punch you out first, Hashem will count your thought and not your botched up deed. Yosele could be spending his days drinking from the endless sea of talmud instead of sucking crabmeat from the sea of the Caribbean. Where O where can there be one good yid who'll return one of the millions of Jesses and Barrys to the "derech" and restore to one more lost brother the twinkle in the eye and ever present smile on the lips that testifies to inner-peace, happiness and gratitude. Let "Shema Yisroel" be heard from his lips instead of "Love on the Rocks." Get him away from all that chazarei. And in reward, may the Almighty bless you for removing one more measure of shmutz from Klal Yisroel.

(Continued from Page 17)

Dear Punch:

You say because of all that has happened to you, that your emotional needs are not being met. This implies that your physical needs are being met. You've got bigger problems than you thought.

INTRODUCING LIGHT SHIUR FROM MILLER

You've worked hard all day, but you still need a little Torah in your life.

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Police question driver at scene of "Deer Crossing" accident.

Noah Deer Struck By Car On Brooklyn Street

Flatbush, USA—Jewish Celebrity Noah Deer was hit by a passing car today at a popular "Deer Crossing," so dedicated only two weeks ago, after parents complained of reckless traffic. Deer fortunately was not hurt, but was upset that he wasn't included in the photograph taken at the scene of the accident.

The driver was released after pledging to vote for Deer in the next 20 elections.

Kahan Hagadol

whereabouts unknown

Two score, minus a few years ago, the sheiks of Palestine saw Jewish landlords streaming in to fulfill the promise of ages, making Israel the real estate bonanza it is today. The Palestinian Arabs then cried THEY MUST GO. And now, after three attempts to destroy us, the Israeli Arab counts shekels in his German Mercedes taxi, watches Kojac in color with his cheap Sephardic concubines, and swears by Palestinian towel-heads that the JEWS WILL GO. But in Israel, for the next little while, there are a helluva lot more Jews than there are Arabians . . . so THEY MUST GO. THEY MUST GO to Jordan, Syria, Egypt and Lebanon. THEY MUST GO, but would they stay even if we bribed and threatened them? No. They would sneak back over the border with rafts, balloons, gliders, or lifetime student visas. THEY MUST GO to a place where no one returns. THEY MUST GO to places where millions of Jews have disappeared. THEY MUST GO to places where Israel is the farthest thing from their minds and bodies. That's right. THEY MUST GO deep within the bowels of the diaspora. THEY MUST GO to Miami Northwest, to Outremont and to Downsview. THEY MUST GO to Shaker Heights, West Rodgers Park and Southfield. And yes, foolish reader, THEY MUST GO even unto San Fernando Valley and Flatbush, to Wilshire Boulevard and West End Avenue. And how, you ask, will they get there when these days it doesn't even help if you know someone in the building? When you can't even shmeer the super to hold an apartment for you? The answer is simple, as all my answers have been. In three words, WE MUST GO. The people of the books must drop those accounting ledgers and GO to East Jerusalem, GO to the Galillee triangle, and GO to Chevron (not the gasoline) and the fabulous Gaza Strip.

Surely you chortle in your stiffnecked cynicism. Surely old Kahan HaGadol has finally flipped, has finally lost the remaining vestiges of sanity and black hair left to him. Surely he was finished when even the Begin government threw him into Ramle prison with the very Sephardic dregs that he tried to court in the elections. Surely the Jewish Archie Bunker didn't survive all that coffee and cake that was promised to his admiring throngs for their Knesset victory party. But no. I am an "Ood mutzal me'esh"—a surviving firebrand. I'm no more burnt out than any American radical of the Sixties.

What I have in mind is a mutual THEY MUST GO. That's right, an apartment exchange! THEY MUST BOTH GO to Kach Adamah Unlimited to switch homes (and to pave the Messiah's footsteps in gold for the Kahan HaGadol of the Theocratic People's Republic of Israel). You want some precious land near The Wall to open that Fotomat or Carvel you've dreamt of? Well, falafel-brained Ahmed would jump at the chance to swap you his hovel and squeeze his children, goats and chickens into your studio in Rego Park. The real beauty of the plan is its geometric repercussions. When Brooklyn gets its first camel jockeys who tear up the lawns to grow hashish, all the Jews will get nostalgic for Harlem. They'll be desperate to move, but the only spaces available will be those being vacated in Jaffa and Nazareth. The Jews of Jericho Long Island will finally move to a Jewish Jericho. And all those home wreckers and swappers will remember their broker, their broke and broken leader who gave them the best fears of his life. And the lost hosts of JDL will be gathered unto Kach.

Shall a man make unto himself a politician and he have no voters? Therefore, behold, I will cause them to know, fearing my ideology and amateur terrorists, and THEY MUST KNOW that my name is Kahan HaGadol.

* * *

He who gives in to the Evil Impulse at every opportunity is having himself one hellova good time.

Not the Shulchan Aruch

Kahan Hagadol Blasts Students On Value System

And seeing the multitude of student sinners at Hebrew University, Kahan HaGadol went up to the Scopus campus and delivered thereupon a sermon on the Mount:

Cursed are the poor of spirit: for they've made it rich on Yerida.

Cursed are they that mourn Sadat: for their graves shall be signed over to Arabs.

Cursed are the meek: for the activists of the Eighties are all punching computer cards.

Cursed are all who thirst after shiksas and shkatsim: for their mongrel spawn shall peddle Ginseng.

Cursed are the pacemakers: for they keep AK's in their old Knesset seats.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for militancy's sake: for they emerge from Ramla prison with a new book by Grosset & Dunlop, $8.95 hardcover.

Reform Conversions: How Kosher are they?

Cincinnati—The American Jewish community was stunned today when the leadership of the Reform movement announced their latest plan for the conversion of non-Jews in kosher delicatessens. When pressed for details, Jason Brian Stonehill, leader of the extreme left-wing Central Reform Analytical Policy group, said: "Proselytizing and conversion will be critical in the years ahead if we are to be a viable part of the national scene. And what better place than a nice kosher deli?"

Reaction from orthodox circles was immediate and violent. A top Rabbi on the West Side of Manhattan was quoted as saying, "If we have conversions in kosher delis now, can high holy day services in gourmet shops be far behind?"

Comments from conservative leaders were more restrained. "We are examining our traditional sources as well as some recently-found writings by Julia Child. While we respect the orthodox point of view, we feel that recent trends in nouvelle cuisine may have something to offer traditional Judaism. And what's wrong with a good sandwich after a trauma like conversion?"

Interestingly enough, the National Association of Kosher delis had little to say about this bombshell from the reform rabbinate. Our many calls were put on hold and finally we ordered a party platter for twelve (with potato salad, cole slaw and half-sour pickles) and we interviewed the group's president when he brought the order up to our office. "Proselytes? Proselytes? I can't be bothered. In France they're legal and healthy—if they don't bother my customers, let 'em come in. Maybe they'll eat!"

A leading young NY "activist" Rabbi noted that "perhaps we should not condemn so quickly but seek to find new ways of bringing all kinds of people to our fold. And if the pastrami is lean, is that such a bad thing?"

Israel's Funnier Side

by Shayna Wineberg

In a pioneering operation in Israel this week, the brain of yeshiva bocher Moshe ben Abram was transplanted into the body of PLO member Mohamed ibn Ibrim. Moshe had been slain and Mohamed wounded in a PLO attack on a falafel cart in the Hebron marketplace. The trailblazing surgery followed the recent furor over the transplanting of a kidney from a 23-year-old yeshiva student to a 9-year-old PLO Arab girl. In the current case, however, there were practical, as well as ethical, complications, leading to one heck of an identity crisis.

After recovering from surgery Moshe-Mohamed, calling himself M-M, set off for a PLO meeting wearing a flowing Arab robe with a yarmulke. He answered Israelis' greetings of "shalom" with "salaam" and fellow PLO members greetings of "salaam" with a hearty "shalom".

People eyed his habits with curiosity. He prayed while spinning around to face both Mecca and Jerusalem simultaneously. He lost his fiancee by telling her he would expect his wife to wear both a veil and a shaytel. On the other hand, he aroused the envy of all by doing no work on either Friday or Saturday.

But as a PLO commando M-M soon became notorious for leading terrorists raids into Israel and then sabotaging them. The enraged PLO members expelled him from their ranks and banished him to Israel.

M-M took up residence in Jerusalem, commuting between dwellings in the Moslem and Jewish sections. At first the Israelis accepted him. "After all, in a way his brain is an Israeli settlement of occupied Arab territory", said one. "He is truly a man of parts", said another.

But the long-suffering M-M fell from favor with his Jewish neighbors by continually participating in the Sabbath kiddush ritual, then loudly protesting the evils of drink.

The entire Middle East finally got rid of M-M by sending him to the United Nations to replace all the Israeli and Arab delegates. "It's the perfect solution to Israel always getting the shaft", said departing Israeli ambassador Yehuda Blum. "Every time he votes to censure Israel, he'll cast the opposing vote of a Zionist. Nothing will get done in the U.N., of course. So what else is new?

JOSEPH SHOPIRO INSTITUTE SPRING 82

B104. A BIBLICAL APPROACH TO LITERATURE
PROF. ALTER EGO .....Tu 6:30-8 P.M.

Can the methods of classical biblical exegesis be applied to modern literature? This course will examine a modern work of fiction from the point of view of Midrash, Rashi, and Ramban. One session. 18 minutes. Text: Richard Nixon's *Memoirs*. $50. LSS Members $25

JL109a. T'VILAH B'TZIBUR
MRS. VICKY STEVENS .....Tu 8-10 P.M.

Laws and customs pertaining to the Jewish wedding. The position of women in Jewish law and related halachic issues, such as who sits next to the band. Nine sessions. Meets at the 79th St. Boat Basin. $50. LSS Members $25

JT108. JEWISH ETHICAL CUISINE
MR. JON WOLFMAN .....W 6-8 P.M.

Vegetarianism, the ultimate Jewish diet? Jewish-animal relations. Why we do care "what the *bebemos* think." Maimonides on the establishment of vegetable sacrifice. Texts: *Sprout of Redemption* and the *Merkaz Harav Cookbook*. $50. LSS Members $25

JT110. THE THOUGHT OF RABBI SHLOMO RISKING
RABBI JOSEPH B. SOLOVEIRCHIK .....W 8-8:15 P.M.

In-depth analysis of Rabbi Risking's magnum opus, *Baal Hatshuva*. Kantian ethics and the categorical interrogative. Premarital textual intercourse in the covenantal community. One session. 30 minutes. $4. LSS Members $3

W.J. JEWISH LIVING LABORATORY
DR. ABEL STEPTOE .....M 8-9:30 P.M.

Lectures and laboratory sessions on the practical aspects of Jewish living. Participants will choose a project from fetal implantation (test-tube babies) or cryogenic preservation. Lab coats and liquid nitrogen not provided. $50. LSS Members $25.

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Never before told stories

Rabbi admits, "Men and women sleep through my sermon together," and other revealing stories.
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Formerly called "Notes to G-d"

This amazing book gets into those off the wall personal requests that will make you laugh and cry.
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Equal Time
The Yetzer Harra Speaks

For the first time a book to answer all of those altruistic do-mitzvah books.
DEVIL PRESS **$29.95**

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The first in-depth book for the under 40 set.

Delve into kiddie mysticism. Teach your groups to count sifirot.
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Now you can own any three of these incredible best sellers for only **$1.00** (almost a $50.00 value) when you enroll in the Rosh Chodesh Book Club and buy twelve books a year from our vast collection at the regular unreal price.

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"It dominates"—Daily World

"Explores the Roots of Our Economic Woe" —Wall Street Journal

"Totally engulfing"—Amsterdam News

"Truthful As It Is Touching"—Pravda

Featuring the hit songs
"Money, Money, Money!"
Stop the world I want to sell short!

KKK Productions

ELDERS

A NEW NJP FEATURE!!

Rona Bartlett Goes to the Movies

This week I am reviewing the movie *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. It's been out for almost a year now but I had to wait for it to come to my local 99¢ movie theatre because at my age it's hard to get around and I don't want to be a burden to my son and ask him to come with the car.

So anyway, the movie is about this young man, I think his name is Indiana Cohen. He's not a bad looking fella and he always wears a hat just like the one my dear Isaac, he should rest in peace, used to wear to shul.

At the beginning you see him taking an "Avodah Zorah" out of a place so that people shouldn't, G-d forbid, worship it. This building is worse than even anything in Bedford Stuyvesant. The ceiling is falling down, the walls are collapsing, the floor has holes in it. He has to run out before he gets hurt and all the time he's holding onto his hat so it shouldn't fall off. He even wears it when he's swimming and I don't think you have to.

Then these people come to see him because his Smichah was in all the objects in the Torah. They tell him to go to the North Pole, where he meets this shiksa who's a real drunk. She has a sweet face but she's a skinny little thing.

Then these terrible anti-semites come in and shoot at them, so they go to Arabia. Then, all of a sudden, this Indiana Cohen is in the Holy Land Hotel and he's dressed like an Arab so they shouldn't know he's Jewish. Then he sees in the model where the mishkan is buried. He digs it up and it looks beautiful, better than the one my granddaughter Shoshana made in school out of Reynold's Wrap.

Then he gets into trouble. The shiksa kisses him and you know that she wants to—you know—get fresh. So Indiana pretends to fall asleep and she goes away. He doesn't wear his hat in bed, but I don't think you have to.

At the end there's a terrible scene that children shouldn't see. They take him and tie him to the Shiksa. The anti-semites open the mishkan, they turn into Havdalah candles and melt, and it's over.

So, all in all, it was the best movie I ever saw and you shouldn't miss it.

But wait until it comes to your local 99¢ theatre.

TELZ ANGELS

COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU

Put away your crystal, your silverware, your jewelry Laura Markowitz is coming. What she sees by you she wants by her.

EYES

An Ayin Harah Production
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Breaking all records

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The demon barber of Keap Street
Yeshiva boys beware, Shmeelie Todd is open for business
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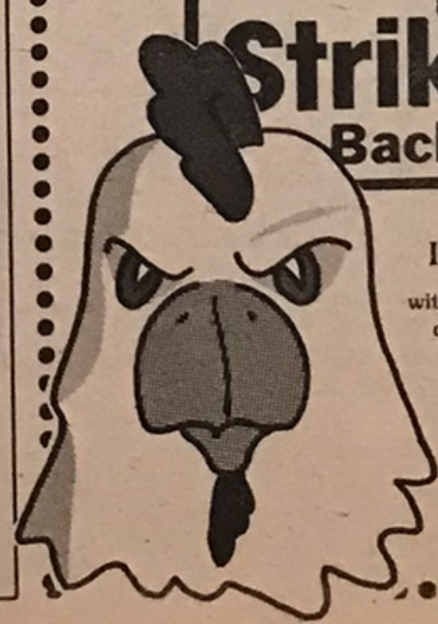
COME & MEET . . . THE FRUM ELITE
ON THE AVENUE I'M TAKING YOU TO . . .
ORCHESTRA $29.95 - AND NOT ONE PENNY LESS -
AND BELIEVE ME, WE'RE NOT MAKING A NICKLE ON IT.
AT THE MARTIN DREK THEATRE
1981 YONI AWARD BEST MUSICAL
"A Musical Gem" —CLIVE BARNES

The Empire Chicken Strikes Back



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CLASSIFIED RATES

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12 times	$6 a line
4 times	$4 a line
2 to 25 times except 4 or 12 times	$3.75 a line
25 times	either $3.50 or $3.75 a line
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All ads must be accompanied by a certified check, letter from your Rabbi, note from your mother, passport photo, fingerprint sample and a rent check signed by a Notary Public.

Key to Personal Advertisement Abbreviations
ATTR—Atrocious
OBJ. MATRI.—objects to matrimony
ORTH. FEM.—Orthopedic Feminist
GD. LKNG.—God only knows how long I've been looking
Y. HANS. BACH.—Yohan Sebastian Bach

PERSONALS

Nice Jewish Boy with car seeks Nice Jewish Girl with car who's looking to move.

Amorous, Voluptuous, attractive, modest female, sks ortho male, visually handicapped o.k.

To the young man in the paisley yarmulka with buckle on top, blue raincoat and blue sneakers, we met for two minutes on February 17 on the 181st Street A train station. You picked up my fallen arches. Call me and let's get married. Rhonda Jo Margolis

Want to meet Bundist. Under age 65, object revolution. contact Jersey Kosinsky

B'klyn man, Mid Agd., Obnx, Fat Slb., N. Mony, N. Job, sks wmn wth same sense of humor.

Young Moabite widow, convert to Judaism, seeks wealthy, respected *Jewish second husband. Must pass* muster of mother-in-law. State number of acres and projected harvest and we'll see what we can glean from it. Contact Naomi.

I was the Egyptian captain's wife. You were the young Hebrew slave. You wore loincloth. I grabbed at the chance to meet you, but you got away. I dig Hebrew culture. Call me for the hottest time in Egypt. Mrs. Potiphar ADultery 6-6666

Will Sol M., who deserted his wife and little baby Moishie twenty years ago please come home. Moishie would like to break your nose.

Businessman, world traveller, open minded, mod. orth. sks marriage minded prof. gal who can cook, clean and at the same time knows her place.

Non discriminating single orthodox male seek any frum girl.

We met at the coffee shop at the Homowack Labor Day, You asked me how much I made and then walked away. I just got a big raise and would like to see you again. Please call. Yankel, P.O. Box 4, NJP

You were the prize at Emunah's Goods and Services auction but never showed up for our date. I could get a refund but would still like to see you. Write Moshie. Box 39 NJP.

We parted at the Red Sea. I was swept away when you held out your hand, but I lost you in the flow of events. Hope I'm not just one of the crowd chasing after you. I'm sure it could go swimmingly for us. Call CHariot 600

Military type likes married women, seeks nice Jewish girl for discreet wine and cheese picnics and general good times. Your tent or mine. Won't state my intentions—bet you can't nail me down. Actually, I need this relationship like a hole in the head. Holofernes

Mordecai—
Do you still have to make a megillah out of everything?
—Esther

My guests having left my beds and boards, I am no longer responsible for their deaths. Procrustes

Single male doctor seeks single female doctor. Object: private practice.

Single lawyer seeks brief encounters.

Advertising man seeks woman to give the business.

Marriage Problems?
Try the Salt Solution
Crystallize your mate—have your irritating spouse zapped into a salt statue!
Cheap—clean—efficient
Make the decision—and don't look back.
Statues of Sodium
by Lot's of Sodom, Inc.

Attr. wmn., gd. char., mod. orth., will be glad to answer any serious inquiry, except that obnx, fat slb. fm B'klyn.

Male, Y.U. Grad, Married Twice, Looking for marriage minded traditional woman to dress him in the morning and chew his food for him. No freaks or weirdos need apply.

Insensitive, intolerant, illiberal, otherwise charming male wants to meet same. Object psychobabble. NJP Box 37

Prisoner Wishes to Correspond
With anyone, actually. They haven't let me send or get a letter in 19 years, but if you forget about me, they will too, permanently. So even if they mark it "return to sender," keep that card or letter coming.
Refusenik #5000, Siberia

MARRIAGE MINDED. I so greatly anticipate the joy of souls joining destinies under the marriage canopy, the blare of music, the dancing feet, the overdone flanken and triple layer cake. Do you know of a good wedding I could crash? Shlomo Box 4583 NJP

Max's Glatt Introductions All cuts of fresh young dates, all under strict rabbinical supervision. This week's specials are Brisket Yeshiva boys and plump leg of Princess. Try our imported Israeli chatichot. Call Max or Zlatta at 999-1869 (formerly Mate Mart Inc.)

MATCHES ARRANGED We specialize in singles matches for Jewish professionals in the Wall St area. Tell us about your game, handicaps and sense of service. Downtown Tennis Club & Dating Service call SHadchan 0-0000

HELP WANTED

Incredible Opportunity, Wonderful Job. Javelin catcher for Macabeem team

Wonderful, Incredible, Terrific Opportunity. Breed lab rats in your spare room

Transition Agency
tired of working for a Jewish boss??
Make the transition.
Get Sundays off
Get Christian holidays off
Get Sbushan Purim off
DON'T get pushed into donating to the UJA
DON'T get nudged into buying an ad in your boss's Shul Dinner Journal
DON'T get bothered by your boss's son to buy an ad in his yearbook.
Write Box 32 Breezypoint, N.Y.

Experienced baby looking for sitter.

Analyst consultant cobalt 480 and Fortran 12 repair and repair of microprocessor. No exp. nec.

Counselors wanted for Camp Jewdel, Arts & Crafts, swimming, knife fighting, M-16 training, eye gouging, flame throwing.

President of major corporation Fortune 500 immediate position, NY area, some typing required.

Southern California Synagogue seeks Punk Rabbi for rituals, sermons, and kicks. Contact Cong. Bnai Pus, Lorenzo Beach, Calif.

HOUSES FOR SALE

End the Housing Shortage!
Support Save the Whales Federation
Contact Jonah WHalebelly 3-3333

Ready To Be Transported Anyplace In Boro Park
435 acres with 11 acre lake, 3 acre boxwood garden, pool & tennis court. 18th Century Georgian stucco residence w/8 brds. 8 fireplaces, excel. woodwork. Stabling for 60 horses, breeding barn, 6 car garage; 3 tenant houses.

FOR THOSE WHO WANT SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE MODEST 33 acres hunt estate w/stone walls, oak fencing stocked pond (may be used for tashlich as well) 14 room English style, 6 bdr.; spring houses.

¼ acre luxurious cheesebox, heart of B.P. 2 tnt. apt. semi-detach., Prefb. walls (no nd to use glass to wall to hear neihbrs).

FLATBUSH— 4 Rms. within walking distance of 8 shuls you cannot go to. Choosy Realty

EAST VILLAGE (Grand St nr. East B'way.)—Luxury 2 bedroom walkup railroad flat. w/c in hall, tub in kitchen. Asking $650/mo. Yeh, I know, but it's in MANHATTAN. Rip Realty

Israeli Classified:
ISRAEL LAND BONANZA!! 10 acres of arable land, only $4,000/acre or $35,000 for the whole lot. Write Miriam Lewinger, Box 6, Yamit, Israel.

2 x 2

Noah was here!

INSTRUCTION

Learn to play the cordovox. Then learn to find one and what it is. It's fun, it's entertaining, it's a nifty machine, write Ron Stoned Box 22 NJP

Close encounters of a bird kind—learn Shechita from the pros. Cut rate registration going on now. Stick your neck out and take a chance at a new career. Brooklyn Learning Institution to Successful Shechita Bliss—Box 13 NJP

Jewish peoples university of ear. Listen to our outstanding lectures weekly. This week: the semi circular canal and lobes.

Join Kabala Study Group!
Learn numbers so abstruse even we don't know what they mean. Ponder such questions as, "How many Hasids can dance on the head of a pin?"
Buy our record, "I Want to Get Metaphysical."
Kabala Cabal, Mystic Seaport, CT

David's Biblical Instruments and Music School—Lessons in Harp, Lyre, Timbrels, Chatzotzors, etc. reas. rates. call at midnight when awake to sing G-d's praises at JErusalem 9-6217.

Enroll in The Bontsche Schveig School of Elocution
—Spoken well of by Marcel Marceau, Shields and Yarnell and Harpo Marx
—The less you say, the more they think you know, when you master such phrases as, "That goes without saying" and "I couldn't begin to say."
—Why should you take the course? We can't say.
Also available: The Bontsche Schveig Course in Assertiveness Training
Don't let them push you around anywhere, not even in heaven. Take both courses and be the strong, silent type.

SERVICES & MERCHANDISE

Go-between for family feuds!
Are there whole branches of your family you're not speaking to? But do you need to communicate with them anyway on such matters as dividing property, caring for aged parents or running a business? Our go-betweens are especially sensitive to these delicate matters.
Guaranteed to transact your business while your feud smolders intact.
"We Understand"
Call Middlemensch, Mischpochah 1-6789
Ask for Dov

Join the Underground Movement!
Pray for peace in peace in your congregation's combination shul and fall-out shelter! Underground location and lead walls provide sanctuary in event of nuclear attack and are, incidentally, vandal proof. Desecrators will never be able to find it. Pray in real security at last—if *you* can find it. Comes with three year supply of canned water and canned wine for Oneg Shabbats.
"Make a pit stop—and pray"
Temple Bedrock of Ages
Elusive Lane

Rent-a-Rabbi. Available for consultations. Our rabbis include Orthodox, Conservative, Reform, Reconstructionist, Conservadox, Orthoform, Redox, Reformative. With such a wide selection of rabbis you are sure to find one whose opinion you like.
"Two Jews, Five Opinions," Inc.
TAlktalk 5-6789

Bingo Parlor! Singles Center! Raffles and Bazaars! Altantic City Excursions! Prayers!
"Join Now, Pray Later.' Call Rabbi G.D. Willing

Take the strain out of dieting! Have someone else diet for you! Look, your last ten diets didn't work either. At least this one will be fun.
Diet Surrogates, PUpik 8-3050

Post Bar Mitzvah Study for Your Child Guaranteed!
Did your teen forget all his Hebrew after his bar mitzvah? We counsel your teen to continue Jewish studies by gently threatening him or her with a choice of that or rabbinical school.
Klug Counselors, 12-13 Plus Centers

Disguise your shul as an OTB center and watch contributions come pouring in.
"We Don't Have a Prayer," 5000 Easy Street

"Charter Tours of the Holy Land for Hikers, Backpackers and Wilderness Lovers"
Getting there is half the fun! Extensive walking required. (We mean a *real*-schlep.) A second guide will conduct actual tour of destination. Strict moral code required. No pets allowed (especially calves).
Moses Barefoot Tours, EXodus10-4040

You'll be higher than Haman
When you try Esther's hash hamentaschen.
LAced-Prune 12-1415

Joshua Demolition and Wrecking Co.
An army of professionals who toot their own horn.
We're on Jericho Turnpike
Long Island, New York

Classified ads work for you!

To Moshe:
Give back the sweater. Any time a relationship breaks up it is only proper that designer clothing be returned.

You'll be right in fashion in your
—Coat of Many Colors—
by Mr. Joseph
No matter what shade is chic each season, several stripes will always be in style.
Joesph's Rainbow Wear GRanary 7-7777

Tablets Compounded
If we break any, we replace.
Moses Pharmacy
Located on Mt. Sinai
"Our tablets may be hard to take, but you'll be glad you did."

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN
—and many more can be found in *Daniel's Book of Great Graffiti!*
You'll laugh, you'll tremble, you'll be enflamed. Curl up with it in your den.
Finger of Fate Press
Shadrach Lane

I have 4 tickets to the Grateful Dead concert March 18th. Am a Cohen and must sell. Write Aharon Box 230 NJP

For Sale—Two year subscription to Jewish Living. Only $10 Write Yutzi Box 9 NJP

Moving??? Big strong boy with truck. Call Vinnie Bensonhurst 4999

Potch-A-Gram—We will go anywhere any time to slap any one for any reason. Special group rates. Also Knip-A-Gram for children

Music Instruments:
Piano played in "Dancin' " and "Annie" seen on Merv Griffen and Johnny Carson. Recorded with Columbia Records. Come to think of it what's a guy like me doing in an ad like this.

Morris Katz Painter—5 rooms in 15 minutes I supply all paint and toilet paper.

Get into medical school! Even if you are an overachiever! We doctor your *transcripts to lower your grades and qualify you for affirmative action programs. Don't let high grades* keep you out!
"Beat the Quota," Streetsmart, Avenues C and D

Cheap flight to Israel: Freddy Laker's ICARUS—do it yourself kit, flap hard, stay low—call 555-1532

Addicted to TV? Join TV anonymous. Recommended by Mea Shearim Gedolim. Cherem therapy optional. Write Tohu Vavohu, Inc. Box 61 NJP

Man with van. I will bring you and your luggage to the mountains for $15. (If you want to go to a hotel that's $100.) Call Uri Ganovi—Tel Aviv cabs

Birthright & Pottage Exchange
Bring in your used birthright or mess of pottage and take ½ off the retail price of any in our vast stock.
"8 Miles of Pottage and Birthrights Old and New"
Clever Jacob's Exchange
Located in The Hairy Arms

Visit the Veryfrumm Movie Theatre located 2 Peyess Place. Now playing the U-rated double feature:
Torah! Torah! Torah!—the Lubavitsch recruiting film, and *Hora! Hora! Hora!*—celebrates the cultural offerings of the 92nd St. Y.
"Small entertainment on the big screen"

Kvetch Encounter Group!
Explore a whole new world of kvetching. Meet congenial kvetchers and kibbitzers from all walks of life who are eager to group kvetch. Share experiences, enrich your skills. Primal kvetching. Who wants to kvetch alone?
Kvetch Encounters, 101 Ave. K
This program may be canceled due to too many complaints.

For that perfect Mother's Day gift!
Hand-crocheted pushka covers
Reasonably priced. (What do you think we're running, a charity?)
Box 5742 NJP

Raffies Rag Store...lowest prices in cloth rags. All sizes varied prices. Come in and look around. TOP NAME BRANDS! ...It's like having a tatte in the shmatte business!

Tuvia GLASS and Fyvish GLASS, Optician, M.D., and Notary Public Specialize in contacts and contracts. Experts in legal framework. Call us for ... a touch of Glass.

Wanted: Famous Bentschers—will trade a Steven and Vicky, Yitz and Blu, and Avi and Toby for one Yoshe Ber and Tonya.

THE EYE FOR AN EYE CLINIC—long term care for shortsightedness, Simin Weisenthal, MD, Los Angeles, Buenos Aires, Nurenburg

Samson Hair Salon
Transplants our specialty. Imprisoned by hair loss? Do they laugh at you? Question your virility? Let us give you the long, flowing Nazarite oath look. Our irritating barbers also make small talk with the jawbone of an ass. Bring down the house on the strength of your full head of hair!
Non-prophet
Don't ask for Delilah
PHilistine 7-77

Counseling—self-help action group—If you are concerned about your child's involvement with Lubavitch, Write Kehilath Anshe Satmar, P.O. Box 287 Lee Ave Sta. Williamsburg Brklyn 11256
se habla ungarish

Guilt without guilt—the alternative of Jewish lifestyles. Coming to your local book store soon.

Young Rice at Home—This popular tasty vegetable can now be available at your fingertips—old N. Vietnamese recipe. Rebel san young rice. Box 37 NJP

For sale 1981 Aries K Car
Low mileage—written up in major *newspaper. Under constant mechanic's supervision. Call Arnold* Kind—c/o NJP

PUBLIC NOTICE

Loan Arranger wanted for yeshiva—object silver

Notice to CJF: We have copyrighted the use of the name Federation as the title of our org. Unless you stop said use, a lawsuit will ensue—Capt. Kirk, S.S. Enterprise

Angel wanted to help finance new telefilm *The Mall* story of an uprising by L.I. Jewish Youth in search of a street corner to call their own. I need lots of money to produce this anti-materialistic film, a Menachim Golem production.

My wives having left my beds and boards, I am no longer responsible for their debts. Oy vey, what debts!
King Solomon

Rare Records Wanted:
Do you have "You Light Up My Menorah," "Mogen David Eyes," "Your Knish Is on My List" or anything by Kasha Khan? "Rock" of Ages label. Certain pressings when played backwards reveal secret Hebrew messages about Neil Diamond.
I will pay highest price possible. Contact Caleb the Collector, Box 45 RPM

The Spoiled Child Contest has been canceled since the little brats wouldn't cooperate. (Note: Junior division, 2-12, has been canceled. Senior division, 13-25, will still be held.)

Lost: Ten Tribes. Last seen everywhere. Hard to spot, blend in easily with surroundings. Great sentimental value, especially since Owner fearful of losing other two. No reward, it's a mitzvah.
Contact: G-d

G-d is dead.
Fred

Fred is dead.
G-d

NOT THE JEWISH PRESS

Week of Purim 1982

A Bi Gezugt!

by Arnold Kind

Editor's Note:

After reading thousands of old but heart-warming jokes and stories that appear in this column over the years, by now you should know all of the jokes by heart. In the interest of saving space, we are only printing the punchlines to some of our favorites.

"Jake," said Abe with a twinkle in his eyes, "with both of us here the cash is safe."

The Mohel looked at Mrs. Steinfeld and smiled, "So, what do you expect me to put in my window?"

"Well," grinned Rochel, "It's just to make sure I don't see him having a good time."

"So what, if I waited for you, I wouldn't have had the first two either."

"It's all right, I'll sit in the dark."

"Why are you whispering?" cried the matchmaker, "she's deaf too!"

"That sure tasted good, what other parts of the matzoh do you people cook?"

"That's funny, I once had a car like that too."

"Rabbi," answered the dying man, "I don't care which place I'm going just as long as I don't have to change at Jamaica."

"So tell me Max, how do you start a flood?"

I REMEMBER EVERYTHING...

by Arnold Kind

There's been a lot of talk lately about UFO's and life on other planets. Many of my readers scoff at the idea mishugas they call it, but let me tell you about the time I met up with one of those UFO's from outer space.

It was the summer of 1951. I was driving up to the mountains with my friend Steve "Plato" Speilberg. He owned a small bungalow outside of Liberty which he liked to refer to as his retreat. Anyway, we were driving along Route 17 in my newly acquired 1948 Hudson that I bought second hand from my now late Uncle Mo. Mo had just had his leg amputated so he didn't need his car anyway.

Now, that takah was a car! Plush seats—and roomy?? Gevalt!! You could fit your entire family in one of those cars and that includes your Bubby and Zeidy. Ah, you would just kvell. Not like that far-kakte "K" car I bought last year from that ganov Lee la'K'oca. "K" car, "K" for krook. A pox on that dealer who sold it to me in the first place. Mo's car cost me less than that Chrysler rebate I got. But shoin that's another story.

So we were driving along on Route 17. It was about 7:30 and starting to get dark, what we call the Twilight Zone. Suddenly, in front of me flew by such a bright light it nearly blinded me. I could hardly see the road in front of me. The lights then disappeared. I looked over to Plato to ask if he saw the same thing I saw, but he was fast asleep so I kept on driving. I knew epis something was going to happen that day.

Suddenly the light reappeared and this time it was making figure eights in front of my windshield. This proved to me that it wasn't the shmaltz herring that I had for lunch. But mommish a genuine UFO.

I decided to follow the light, besides it was going my way. It led Plato and me out Exit 100, up Route 42, then a sharp turn left past the hill up to the back of Grossingers where that seldom used ski lodge entrance is. Looking at the bright light instead of the road I hit a rock and lost control of the car. Oy Gevalt. It veered off the path and smashed head on into a tree, sending my still dozing pal Plato through the windshield.

So nu, who knew from such things as seatbelts. You took your chances, after all we lived through World War II, so what's a little thing like sitting in the suicide seat going to hurt? Maybe you'd get a case of whiplash and even if Plato decided to sue me I was, thank G-d, covered.

I went to see if my buddy was badly hurt but before I could get to him this bright light got closer and closer. I turned to look and I nearly chalished (fainted). There it was, this huge shining object. It was made out of crystal and had six branches, all with smaller pieces of crystal dangling from them. And what colors! Every color in the rainbow was blazing from those crystal appendages. It looked like something you'd see in your friend Tibor's mother's gaudy living room.

By then I was mezmerized. I was drawn to it like a child's finger to the mixing bowl when his mother has just finished icing a chocolate cake. What a Gevaldic feeling!! Just as I got within ten feet of the ship, the lights started to flash and the crystal chachkehs started tinkling. It wasn't just crystal rattling but actual musical notes, as if the ship was trying to communicate with me. The music was hauntingly familiar, like takah something they played at my Bar Mitzvah.

Then out of the hull there appeared three figures. They looked so strange, unlike anything I had ever seen before. They were three feet tall with beards, had on these hats that looked like crowns and their noses were pointy. They wore robes and always smiled. The closest I can get to describing them is my characterization of King Solomon. I think they might even have been angels, but nu, who am I to say?

Leaving my friend Plato, nebbuch, wrapped around the trunk of a pine tree, I continued to walk closer to the ship. As I approached, two of the beings headed out of the ship. One headed to the car and the second to separate Plato from the tree.

As I entered the ship the remaining creature introduced himself to me as Grog. Such a name I never heard before. I asked him why he was here. Why did he follow me? His story left me breathless. He told me that his mission was to chronicle the events of history and that they had chosen me to be the keeper of knowledge on this earth, since I'm such a wonderful story teller.

He asked me to sit down. So nu, who was I to refuse, after all he had traveled all this way. Then he put this contraption on my head. It looked like a spaghetti strainer. Grog told me that through this instrument I would gain all the knowledge that there was to know; I quickly put it on my head. At first I felt really silly, but then visions started to appear. Gevalt! I saw the great flood, Abraham . . . Isaac, the Jews exiting Egypt. Mrs. Mendelson, our next door neighbor putting out the garbage after coming from the butcher store. All this knowledge was now inside my little mind. (Nu, what can I tell you!) It was truly incredible. I loved every minute of it except the burning of the Temple. I wasn't thrilled about that part. Now you know why when I say "I remember when," I really, takah, know what I'm talking about.

Finally Grog took off the cap, and shoin it was over. The door to the ship opened and in came the two other aliens. Grog then bid me farewell and I left. It was mommish a miracle. The car looked as good as new and there was Plato asleep in the front seat, as if nothing had happened.

I got into my car and all of a sudden there are more bright lights. I turned to look and wouldn't you know it there is a state trooper waving a flashlight in my eyes. He wants to kick us off the grounds for trespassing. Nu. Imagine the chutzpah of that bulvan thinking that I would stoop to sneaking into Grossingers.

So, I go and try to start my car and wouldn't you know it doesn't start? Well, nu, what do you expect from an alien mechanic? What does he know about combustion engines? He knows from nuclear power. Give him a car that runs on Plutonium 238 and takah that he can fix.

Anyway, to add insult to injury we have to walk down the hill and hitchhike. But Plato's still asleep so I wake him up and do you think he remembers anything? NO, of course not, he's been sleeping through it all!

Shoin, we get to the bottom of the hill and hitchhike and who do you think picks us up? A rabbi, also from Brooklyn. We start to talk and he tells me of this paper he is dreaming of founding. Not one for missing an opportunity, I ask him if I can be part of it since now I can remember everything. Wouldn't you know it he gave me the job, just like that! It was mommish bashert.

Did I really see a spaceship?? I can't prove it because there were no witnesses. But one thing I do know, I had a Class Encounter of an Arnold Kind.

COMING SOON THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE VOOS-VOOS

"VOOS-VOOS IN JERUSALEM"